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WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS DONE FOR WOMAN.

WHEN you doff your hat to a woman, or yield her your place in a crowded railway car, do you ever think that your politeness marks the chief difference between two great orders of civilization, the heathen and the Christian? The withering scorn with which an ancient Assyrian, Egyptian, a Greek or a Roman would have regarded your act could be equalled only by the contemptuous surprise which it would awake in the breast of a modern Japanese, Hottentot or Indian. The respectful attention which you pay the lady shows that you are, consciously or unconsciously, acting under Catholic influences. Your act is a recognition of the Catholic idea of woman, and an acknowledgment of the dignity to which the Church has raised her.

For the proof of this statement, that deference to woman is the characteristic which mainly distinguishes our modern social life from the ancient, we need only compare the leading features of the two civilizations. Taking the common division of civilization into the three elements—the individual, the family, and society—and viewing each in its merely natural growth and development, we find our modern civilization to be at best only a counterpart of the ancient. If we compare ancient with modern forms of government, we find that we have only improved on their models. No monarchy to-day is better administered than was Babylon or Egypt. No military republic has realized its ideal better than Sparta; nor has any modern republic enjoyed a more efficient, a more glorious rule than republican Rome. Gibbon's description of the ancient Roman empire, with its perfect political *regime*, will occur to the reader. Again, viewing the ancient civilization from a scientific point, Bacon, Descartes, Newton, Galileo, and Leibnitz declare that in the sciences the ancients were generally our equals, and in some respects greatly our superiors. To this day, the traveller wandering among the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis or Rome

is overpowered with the evidences of the perfection to which the mechanical arts were carried in olden times. The fallen temples, the crumbled arches, the exquisite porticos and colonnades witness the scientific genius of their builders. No feat of modern engineering skill has surpassed the building of the Pyramids or the construction of the Roman aqueducts. Again, if we ask for genius of the purely intellectual and artistic type, we need not leave Greece to find works which in make and finish reveal the profoundly poetic and æsthetic nature of their authors. No modern land has produced another Homer, Eurpides or Praxiteles. So in every other department of material civilization do the ancients meet us face to face and contest with us the palm. Who will say that they do not bear it off?

But when we leave the domain of science and art, and enter the ancient family circle, the scene changes. The beauty and charm of the one are a strange offset to the loathsome degradation of the other. After gazing in admiration on the Babylonian gardens, which beautify every square of the fifty measureless streets of that vast city, let us enter one of its dwelling-houses. We pass through the outer courts, which are encircled with statues, the chasing and chiselling of which, Wilkinson tells us, no modern lapidary can imitate, and we find ourselves in a spacious room, hung about with all manner of ornaments. A crowd of the inhabitants of the city has gathered to assist at the sale of the women of the house. The father acts as auctioneer, and gives his daughters to the highest bidder. Should he fail to dispose of them all, he bestows the money his sold daughters have brought on their unsalable sisters, so that the dowry may move some one to bid.

If we go to Persia, we find in one of the great squares of Persepolis an immense house, which is almost entirely concealed by a wall from the view of passers by. There all the children of the city are kept until they have reached their fifth year. Immediately after their birth they were taken from their mother's arms and placed in this asylum. If either parent dares enter this house, or seeks in any other way to obtain a glimpse of the children, he or she is punished with death. Should a child die, its parents are not told.

In Egypt, polygamy in its worst form, was practiced. The eldest brother married all his sisters. A woman was not suffered to leave the house even to escape death, and such was the contempt in which she was held that her body after death was never embalmed. Excepting the bodies of the Egyptian queens, no female mummy has yet been found in the Egyptian tombs. As it was the belief, that one whose body was left unburied was deprived of future happiness, we may conjecture in what low esteem woman was held in Egypt.

With a sad heart we pursue our road to Greece, in which beautiful land we hope that woman's lot is not so hopeless and wretched as it is in the lands we have left. Our hope is disappointed. Scarcely have we entered Sparta before we encounter a mother following a company of soldiers who are carry-

ing the body of her son, fallen in battle. She seems wild with joy, and in the pauses of her pæan of victory, sneers at the sad-faced women whose sons have returned safe from the war. However much we may admire her patriotism we cannot help feeling how unseemly is her exultation, how unwomanly and unmotherly is her joy.

Our excursion into heathendom will end at Rome. We visit it when, at the height of its prosperity, it held tributary all the nations of the earth. As we walk through its great streets we cast our eyes upon the ground, for, glittering on the arches and colonnades above us, are pictures and statues of the grossest obscenity. Children going to school meet in the way every kind of sinful occasion. Through the *vomitoria* of the Circus Maximus, three hundred thousand men and women are surging out, having just assisted at a gladiatorial combat, or perhaps the martyrdom of some glorious Christian champion. We pass temple after temple dedicated to the goddess of impurity. We dare not enter a dwelling-house, for no effort is made to mask the fearful corruption that pervades the whole society from Cæsar to the meanest plebeian.

Fortunately, however, hiding beneath this boundless city of sin and vice is the Church which is destined to purify it, and from a city of abominations to make it the dwelling-place of virtue, from the chosen habitation of the evil one, the fair city of God. As soon as Rome begged her ministrations, she began the work of reforming society at its foundation—the family. And as the family is constituted by marriage, she carried into effect the divine doctrine of the sacramental character of matrimony and the indissolubility of the nuptial tie. Out of this doctrine springs the dignity of woman. In proportion as it is denied or neglected, does she approximate the condition of her sex in heathendom. This doctrine invested the marriage relation with a new and a sublime character. The husband and wife were taught that their marriage shadowed forth the marvellous and eternal union of Christ with His Bride, the Church. Woman was restored to the right of which heathenism had deprived her. She was no longer the slave of man's passions, but his companion and help. In the light of this faith, her sphere and mission grew clear. Ennobled by the truth that she typified the Church's union with Christ, she strove to realize it in her life. She was told to be obedient to her spouse, even as the Church is subject to the Lord. Purity, fidelity, meekness, charity, and devotion were the virtues which the husband and wife were taught to show to one another, in imitation of the mutual fidelity and love of Christ and the Church. Heathendom regarded children only in the light of prospectively useful members of the army or the state. The Church told the parents that their children were begotten for God, predestined to immortal life, and intrusted to them for religious direction and support. The mother was bidden to imitate the loving-kindness wherewith the Church cherishes all her sons, feeding them with the bread of life, and guiding their footsteps to the home of eternal joy.

The second measure which the Church took in the reform of woman was to teach her perfect religious equality with man. Strange as it sounds, it is nevertheless true, that heathenism believed woman to be devoid of reason and conscience. Under the brutalizing influences of Paganism she certainly had sunk to a grade little higher than that of the brute; and the debasement which was man's own work gave some grounds to his opinion. The ancient women whose genius and energy raised them above their sex were deemed goddesses by the people, so rare was it to find a woman possessed of even ordinary powers of mind. Thus Semiramis, we are told, was the daughter of the Sun; Cleopatra, of Isis. Even Aristotle hesitates to class woman in the category of rational animals. In fact, the impression throughout heathendom was that the gods had created woman to be the curse of men—a belief which we find embodied in the mythologic legend of Pandora and her box.

The Church, on the contrary, taught that woman is a religious being, capable through grace of reaching the most exalted sanctity; that she has an immortal soul made to the image of God, and created to enjoy everlasting happiness. For her, no less than for man, Christ died, established the Church, and instituted the sacraments. The Church at once admitted her into full communion, gave her a share in all the blessings of redemption, and provided for all the wants of her moral nature. Obedient, however, to the apostolic mandate, and consulting for the highest interests of woman, the Church from the beginning excluded her from the ministry; and woman has ever acknowledged that it is neither lawful nor proper for her to share in the eternal priesthood of the God-man.

It is clear that this recognition of woman's capacity to live virtuously exercised a wonderful power in rescuing her from heathen degradation. Taught to look upon herself as a moral being having a grand destiny, in the accomplishment of which she was aided in every way by the Church, she grew conscious of her lofty calling, and showed forth in her life the fruits of her faith.

The third means which the Church adopted in elevating woman, was the giving to her of the noblest ideal of perfect womanhood that can be conceived. The Virgin Mother of God was held up to the sex as the pattern of the virtues that should adorn their character. It is horrible to think that the heathen maidens were taught to worship and imitate Venus, the goddess of voluptuousness and sensuality. The innate purity and modesty of woman were destroyed by such a creed. She thought that her shame was her glory. This foul ideal sank deep into her imitative and impressible nature, and the consequence was that she had fallen into the deepest depth when the Church bade her lift her eyes to the unsullied Mother of the Most High. Instead of adoring a prostitute, woman was taught to venerate the purest of creatures. We feel as if guilty of an irreverence to the Mother of God by associating her name with that of deified impurity. Our only excuse is our desire to show what all of us owe to her

without whom the world would be worse off than it was before she bore her Divine Son. The least of the benefits which she has conferred on her race was her redemption of her sex from the slavery in which it was held by the demon's art and the passions of men.

The Christian maiden called to imitate Mary, and aided in this imitation by the Virgin herself, beheld in the Mother of God the ideal of all womanly graciousness, dignity, sweetness, and purity. The thought that this peerless woman was her sister by nature only increased her confidence in her prayers, whilst deepening her veneration for virtues that had merited the high dignity of the divine maternity. Mothers found in her a model of motherly excellence—love and care for their children, quiet unobtrusive manners, assiduity in prayer and meditation, and gentle uncomplaining submission to the trials and sorrows of life, as the discipline purifying us for the enjoyment of heavenly peace.

A new world was opened to woman's mind. She had never heard of such virtue. She for the first time beheld the glory with which God had encircled one of her sex. The reflection that Mary had brought forth the Only Begotten Son of God, awakened holy exultation in her heart. She no longer was an outcast from men. For the sake of this Woman, man would reverence woman. Thus the glory that surrounds the Queen of heaven and earth fell upon the lowliest of her sex.

The fourth blessing which the Church has brought to woman is the opportunity afforded her of carrying her imitation of the Blessed Virgin to the perfection of the religious state. In the Church, woman has attained perfection as high as her degradation in heathendom was low. Under the tutelage of the Church she has devoted herself unreservedly to God and her fellowman, going out into the dark places of earth which brighten beneath her footsteps. Does she wish to follow the Apostle's advice and secure the high privilege in the other life, of following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? The cloister welcomes her to its quiet retreat. There secluded from the world, she may have a foretaste of that happiness promised to those that give up all for Christ. Like the women of the Gospel she continually ministers to the Lord. Her pure life, her prayers and mortification make perpetual expiation for the sins of the world outside the cloister walls, and bring down blessings even upon those that persecute and calumniate her.

Before the spectacle of the Christian heroism which she has displayed, infidels and Protestants are lost in admiration. We ourselves are astounded at the unflinching courage shown by the women-martyrs to the faith. It seems incredible that delicately-nurtured women should brave tortures, the bare recital of which makes strong men shudder. With that cowardly inhumanity which the pagans showed in their persecution of the faithful, they subjected holy women to cruelties and insults which their tender and fragile nature was naturally least fitted to stand. It was the refinement of cruelty to force the blessed martyr to witness the butchery of her child, or the fearful death

of those that were nearest and dearest to her. The Church, with her rare, beautiful appreciation of the sufferings of her glorious children, refers to this incapacity of woman to endure physical pain, in the hymn for Virgin Martyrs:

> Haec enim palmæ duplicis beata
> Sorte, dum gestit fragilem domare
> Corporis sexum, domuit cruentem
> Cæde tyrannum.

How quick the Church has ever been to recognize womanly sanctity is best attested by the innumerable female saints that grace her calendar. Among them are found holy women who have attained sanctity in every walk of life. In order to do homage to these diversities of holiness, the Church has prepared masses and offices corresponding to the different states in which these women have sanctified themselves.

Thus did the Church lead women out of the heathen bondage. When the ancient civilization was swept away by the barbarian invasions, she took the savage hordes in hand, converted them to the faith, and bestowed the blessings of her civilization upon their women. The lot of these women differed somewhat from that of their civilized sisters under the Roman sway. Cæsar, it is true, has left us a disgusting account of the domestic habits of the Northern barbarians, but it is certain that these women were not so debased as their Southern sisters. It seems to be a law of heathen civilization that its social corruption is proportionate to its growth. The influence of the Church soon made itself felt in the life of the barbarians, and the whilom savage woman grew up into grace and beauty beneath the Church's fostering care. Did space permit, we could cite many a canon in which the earlier mediæval councils embodied the Church's idea of woman and her rights. The wise laws of the Church on the subject of marriage were put into execution by the civil power, and in this manner secured the peace and welfare of families. That woman might be left free and untrammelled in her choice of a husband, the Church decreed the severest penalties against all who should dare to interfere with the freedom of her will, or her liberty of action. In those lawless times, this was the only effective means of checking the practice, borrowed from the Norsemen, of carrying off a woman by main force, when she refused her hand to a powerful suitor. In times of war and social confusion, woman found a refuge in the great abbeys and convents, which ever stood open to receive the homeless and unfortunate.

In time, the Catholic idea of woman was embodied in the peculiarly Christian institute of knighthood or chivalry. The knight pledged himself by vow to the defence of woman's rights and the redress of her wrongs. He was taught to cherish exalted sentiments of her worth and character. He was bound to treat her with respect and affection, to obey her just behests, and to observe strict purity of life and conversation. The violation of these rules was punished with the forfeiture of knightly dignity. The brightest page of mediæval history is that which records the steadfast loyalty of the knights to their vows. These gentlemen of the old Catholic stamp, stand without equals in the list of noble and gallant men. It is enough to say that our modern eti-

quette is in its leading features only a transcript of the knightly code of honor. They have set us our lessons in politeness.

Coming to our own day we find the Church still holding her shield over woman, and beating off the enemies that seek to bring her down to the old heathen level. Protestantism, unfortunately, has undone much of the good which the Church has wrought for her. By teaching the dissolubility of the marriage tie it has withdrawn from her one of her strongest defences against the passions and injustice of man. Under Protestantism, she no longer enters the married state with the conviction that her companionship with her husband will be life-long; that the troth he gives her is inviolate: and though this apprehension does not affect the validity of the contract, it certainly deprives it of much of its solemnity and significance. Stripped of its sacramental character marriage is to her a mere civil contract, subject to the jurisdiction of the courts. Once the principle of the dissolubility of marriage was admitted, the clause fixing as the sole ground of separation the faithlessness of either party, was forgotten. Divorces are granted on frivolous and ridiculous pretexts. Wives are driven from their homes, and the children are left to take care of themselves. Protestantism, by sanctioning divorce from the bond of wedlock, thus threatens to bring down woman to the depths out of which the Church has lifted her.

Protestantism, moreover, has left woman without any ideal or model of feminine perfection; to it the Virgin Mother is but a common Jewish girl, highly favored, indeed, by the Lord, but not blessed above all women in her sinlessness, dignity, and power. Woman is told not to venerate or respect her: nay, she is to be contemned rather, lest the love and admiration given to her should detract from the adoration due her Son. This teaching has led Protestantism from Nestorianism, through formal Arianism, out to absolute infidelity. It is a fact, established by ecclesiastical history, that as in proportion to the love and veneration shown the Mother, the honor and majesty of the Son are exalted, so contempt or neglect of her is invariably followed by the denial of Him. In fine, Protestantism has denied woman any means of following the inspiration of grace which draws her to a higher, holier life. The apostolic counsel of chastity is spurned, the efficacy of good works denied, the convent system foully misrepresented, and "Popish ideas" about religious perfection are coldly discountenanced.

The Church has had to protect woman, not only against Protestantism, but also against its fruits, the socialistic and communistic doctrines of modern rationalism. Fourierism, and the doctrine of "elective affinities," have, alas! laid waste many an American home, and our only barrier against its advances is in our loyalty to that Church which can alone impart to us strength and guidance.

Another class of enemies against whom American women should stand on their guard are associations purporting to be champions of their rights. It is not that the views advocated by these men and

women, on the subject of woman's mission, are very wrong or very hurtful, but such persons are not fitted, either by religion or character, to determine what the duties or obligations of womanhood are. At present, they have nearly succeeded in persuading the country that woman's *natural* rights are trampled upon, by her exclusion from the elections, and it is highly probable that they will not cease pushing their claims until the state, like the unrighteous judge in the Gospel, yields to their importunity. Looking, in the abstract, at this question of woman's eligibility to vote, we confess that, for our part, we have never seen any conclusive argument against her ability to hold and exercise the elective franchise. It is a civil right which the state may give to whom it pleases. The favorite argument, thoroughly discussed in all the debating societies of the country, to the effect that "woman is incapable of understanding politics or of depositing her ballot with that judgment and discretion so necessary in the grave matter of the choice of our rulers," fell to the ground when the fifteenth amendment was adopted.

But all movements looking towards the withdrawal of woman from the home circle are at variance with the Church's idea of her duty. Let her not soil the bright garments of purity, modesty, gentleness, and meekness in which the Church has clothed her. She could not escape the defilement which she should meet in the highways and byways of public life. The sphere of her ministrations is home—their object her husband, her children, and herself. Faithfulness to this ministry will win for her present peace and future happiness.

AT WAR.

Night yields to day, the day yields to the night;
The coursing of the orbs is timed so true,
Light follows darkness, darkness follows light,
And morning evening, all the seasons through.
The Spring returns to deck the earth anew,
Endowed with powers that grim old Winter lacked;
The dusk's preceded by the falling dew;
The moon is by the lesser planets tracked.
All natural things in natural order move:
But as for me, a counter-current flows
Through all my soul; order of peace and love
Yields to a chaos, wild with griefs and woes;
While the harmonious sameness of the days
Jars my sad heart to tread their trodden ways.

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter III.

"I always begin my instruction by a prayer to the Holy Ghost. I ask of Him, first, understanding for those about to listen to me, that my words may be useful to them. For myself I ask for fortitude, knowledge, and counsel, as I am about to venture to explain God's word. We then all make the sign of the Cross together, and I begin. My first explanation is directed towards making the scholars understand that the Ten Commandments, which are the hinge of our whole faith, were given to men by God, that God Himself made them over to Moses engraved on stone, that they might forever remain graven and kept in our hearts, as in perfectly pure shrines.

"The first Commandment enjoins us to love God above all things; how must we live so as to fulfil this Commandment? There are three conditions:

"1. The mind and body, which together form our being, must unite to make that act of worship we all owe to our Creator.

"2. God must be loved above all visible and invisible creatures.

"3. God must be loved with faith, with charity, and with hope. How must we make use of the mind and body to fulfil the commandment to love God?

"The mind worships God by being raised up towards Him, being occupied with Him, by calling upon Him, thanking Him, making known its wants.

"The body, by bowing itself down, bending the knees, looking reverently at holy things, kissing reverently things blessed by the Church. The mind, by restraining its wandering thoughts, putting a curb on the imagination, driving away the images produced by levity or passion, and firmly directing all the powers of the soul towards God.

"The body, by the mastery over the eyes, ears, and tongue; mortifying them so that each one remains externally submissive to the law of God. Laughter must not be violent or imprudent; grief must not be immoderate; tenderness must not be manifested without measure; admiration must not go to excess, &c. This is to love God with the mind and body.

"My Adelina, before going further, I should like you to make a meditation upon all this. I get my boys to do so in the following way: After morning or night-prayers I give them the point I have explained to meditate upon, that they may go over and over it again, and beg of our Saviour and His sweet Mother to help them to fulfil this first part of the First Commandment. To-morrow, if you like, and if I have time, and you patience, to read and meditate afterwards, we will pass on to the second part. If you think that it does you no good, and that you know and feel it all already, tell me so without hesitation, and I shall thank you for your straightforwardness. I have but one object—to be of use to my goddaughter. St. John has made

this a duty for me, and my love for you renders it a pleasure. Good-bye, then, my dear little angel. Love your godmother, aunt, friend, and mother, Ada."

"Posilippo, June 14, 1858.

"My dear Child: Supposing your yesterday's meditation made, I will put another before you: What we have to do is to love God above all things. To be sure that you love Him thus above all created things, compare in meditation the love you bear Him with the love you feel for other things that you care about the most. Would you sacrifice cheerfully the good health you enjoy, to gain the love of God? Would you spend the whole of your life in bed, to cling to God's will? Would His love make up to you for so sad a state? Think well over this, meditate well upon it, put yourself in this situation, and see if feel within you the strength to sacrifice your health to God. If you really can attain to the interior acceptance of such a martyrdom, God will accept this holocaust in Heaven, and bless you just as if you effectually and truly suffered it for His sake. But you must well understand, my Joy [*Gioja mia*], that you must not make this a lip-offering. Vain words satisfy men, but not God. If your offering is made *truly* from the bottom of your heart, as if the sacrifice were there ready to fulfil, the offering will be reckoned to you in God's sight, and you will have the merit of it forever. As you have done in regard to your health, so apply the sacrifice to other things that you prize. Would you give up your birth and position in the world for love of God? Life, honor? Would you be judged other than what you are—deceitful, false, and mean? Would you bear to see every one dear to you taken from you one after the other, while you stand face to face with God, who has thus stript you? And would you give them all up, rather than offend His love?

"If, indeed, you feel able to renounce everything in this way for Him, you can say with truth that you love God above all things. But as 'to will and to do' are not the same to us, beg of our Saviour and His blessed Mother the strength which is wanting to put your thoughts into practice. Of ourselves we can do so little; but with God's help the impossible becomes possible. I will not enlarge upon this. Meditate with God's help, and pray for your godmother and friend, Ada."

"June 15.

"My dear Goddaughter: We must love God with faith. Try, therefore, to reckon up the ways in which we may fail in this duty, and you will then avoid the occasions of this grave offence. For instance, we sin against faith by believing in superstitions. Many otherwise sensible people are subject to this absurd defect, which ought only to attach to the narrowest minds. In this category must be placed such mischievous superstitions as the evil eye, casting a blight upon any object, bad luck on Fridays, spilling salt and oil, dining thirteen at table; and many other inconceivable superstitions, with which we are flooded to such a degree that, as I say, we meet with well-edu-

cated, sensible, and even pious people, who are not ashamed to give in to a faultiness which is not only offensive to God, but even sins against natural reason and plain good sense. I know that you are not given to this pettiness; but we must watch against it. There comes a time when the human mind declines with age, and seems to return to its first childhood; when the bold become wary, and the wary timid; when the large and open heart narrows, and the natural activity languishes. We must therefore bear in mind this deterioration of age, and strengthen those weak places which are most liable to decay. Fly from all superstition in youth, arm yourself with religious strength and holy reason, and you will never fall into it."

"POSILIPPO, June 27.

"MY DEAR LITTLE CHILD: Another way of offending God's love is not to obey His holy law; for love dictated this law, and by despising it, we despise the love that imposed it. To infringe the Divine law, is a sin which disturbs the order of creation, and the harmony of its great whole. We are too imperfect to understand the vastness of the material and intellectual worlds; the uncreated and Almighty Creator alone can understand and contain them; consequently He alone can impose upon all the component parts of His creation the laws they are to follow. It is possible to understand approximately this truth by applying it to a machine invented by human intelligence. Take, for instance, a pianoforte. The ingenious workman who made it has subjected each of the parts composing it to some particular law. The keys on which we place our fingers lift the hammers, the hammers strike the wires, the leathers which cover the hammers deaden the blows; and thus each detail is contrived, and follows the law fixed by the contriver. Tell me, Adelina, what would be the consequence if the keys did not lift the hammers which strike the wires, or if the wires obstinately refused to vibrate under the blows received? In this case what would become of the instrument contrived with such care and intelligence? Would it not become a mere mass of useless fragments which have ceased to form an instrument? What would the artisan, who ought to love his work, do in this case? Would he not burn every refractory piece of it, or oblige them altogether to follow their first laws? Thus God, who loves His work, and sees it disturbed by the rebellion of some one of the souls He has created, requires that rebellious soul to return to the law of order, which is the law of love."

"POSILIPPO, July 2.*

"To-day I shall leave you without any meditation. It is good for you to rest, and it is not bad that I should rest a little too. Let us, then, leave Sinai, child of my heart, and let us climb Mount Parnassus. There too we shall have light from above, but with a difference; for on the summit of the holy mount we are in the centre of the great fire of charity, whilst on Parnassus we only find one of its beams, which is Beauty. But it is the self-same

* This letter is in French.

light, as you acknowledge, do you not? Come, let us climb together to the peak, where we can gather the laurel; and before we get so far I shall leave you to the care of your Muse,—*Erato*, I think,—not being able to mount so high. There is a region which I cannot go beyond; but I will be your Virgil so far, and will even give you some advice before trusting you to the care of that Beatrice who will lead you to the upper heights. This is my first advice. You wish to compose verses to set to music; try, therefore, to bring into your verses some phrase expressing the leading idea you want to convey. All the words that are set to a melody do not reach the listener's ear; some are inevitably lost in the air, which then takes the first place with the audience. To communicate your intention, therefore, to other minds, some predominant word is necessary, which disposes them to understand what the music expresses. Let me see if I cannot better explain my idea by an example. For instance, here is one. Azioli composed a piece of eight or ten verses, the first of which begins, *Solitudine campestre, &c.** After which the poetry says a thousand things that one does not enter into; but these words suffice to convey the leading idea, and after they have struck the ear, it is impossible to expect a tarantella or a march. Again, supposing verses, in which the word *anathema* occurs, preceded and followed by such as express *who* is anathematized, and all the circumstances of the time, the place, and the persons pertaining to the situation,—the keynote of the music is the word *anathema*, which contains the principal idea. Do you understand this? And now here I am at the end of my tether. Follow your Muse, and climb to the mountain top.

"After you went away yesterday, Monsignor Ferrieri* stayed some time, and we were sorry that you were not here when he enumerated the qualities which he thinks ought always to characterize a Papal Nuncio. 'The sacred character of the priest,' he said, 'should always prevail above that of the diplomatist. Straightforwardness and loyalty should be his two principal virtues; for if he serves the state, he should never forget that it is the Pope whom he represents.' He was admirable upon this and several other subjects, and interested us very much."

"Posilippo, July 12.

"The voice from Sinai has been a long time silent. Moses sleeps, and I am dumb; but this morning, while I was getting up, the Third Commandment seemed to resound in my ears, and I now begin again, or continue my meditations: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day.' In hearing these words, it seems to me that they are a counsel to Martha to cut short her activity, and to Mary to redouble her prayers. *Servite Dominum in lætitia*, says the Psalmist, Let us serve the Lord with gladness, and make a good and cheerful use of those created things He gives us to use."

"July 20.

"I delayed going on, because the subject is difficult for my small

* "Ye woodland solitudes," &c.

* Papal Nuncio at Naples.

understanding and briefer knowledge. But I should like to do my best to fulfil my duty towards you, my darling goddaughter. All the masses that have been celebrated since our Lord's time till now, and all those that will be celebrated till the Last Day, are *only one Mass.* The multitude of priests is but one priest. The Victim is one, the Sacrifice is one; for Christ being both Priest and Victim, and he being infinite and eternal, the sacrifice, priest, and victim can be but one and lasting. Tomaso Rossi, the great theologian and philosopher, makes a beautiful comparison on this subject, explaining remarkably well the unity and multiplicity of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He says that one articulate sound, expressing an idea by means of the human voice, is one and simple when it leaves the mouth of the speaker, but becomes multiplied indefinitely in the air by the sounds which, with perfect likeness of form and substance, strike the surrounding multitude. This is the result of a natural cause, by which unity is multiplied without division. Let us apply this thought to the word Incarnate, and the sacrifice of the Cross he once offered for us; that sacrifice which, without ceasing to be one, is multiplied by the numberless sacrifices offered upon the Altar, which all of them, everywhere and forever, communicate to each one of the faithful the effects and merit of the first and only sacrifice of Christ. When, therefore, we assist at Mass, we do not assist at a *representation* of the sacrifice of Calvary, but at that sacrifice itself, which is *enduring.* Oh, if we could imbue our minds thoroughly with this great truth, with what devotion we should assist at the holy, most holy, Sacrifice of Mass!

"I am almost afraid to write to you on such a subject; and I earnestly beg of the Holy Spirit, to whom always I commend myself in these cases, to suggest to me terms which shall be exact, and not too unworthy for what I strive to convey to you on these high and solemn subjects."

"Posilippo, Sept. 9, 1858.

"We are not the least troubled at finding you somewhat occupied with the positive matters of life; for we must not forget that we walk upon this earth. No doubt, during our brief stay here, we are permitted sometimes to fly like birds to recreate ourselves, and to rise to a greater or lower height on the wings of science, literature, or art, and to stay more or less time in those airy regions at which we are allowed to glance, but in which we may not stay. Sooner or later we must return to our place in this great slough, to which we are bound by Adam's sin. Let us, then, learn to explore our place of banishment, and try to draw out of it the greatest good we can; and, with this aim, let us make some inquiries into the positive and material side of our being. I hope that a commendation thus expressed will not lead you to suppose that I wish to see you plunged into this same morass. No, no, give part of your mind to calculation and reasoning; part of your intellectual faculties to the world; but keep the best and highest part of your being for God. Mount upwards to Him on the wings of His love; nothing wearies them,

and they bear us into realms which it is not only permitted us to explore, but *to dwell in*, since the Almighty himself sustains us there.

"Special occupations have a very good side, and we have always, too, some marked tendency towards one thing or another. But to like one way only, is the sign of a narrow mind, for the understanding of man is very rich; and if we obstinately persist in receiving through one source of the mind what has to be given out and spread through many various channels, we impoverish the mind as well as ourselves. We must simply discern and observe, and try to extract for ourselves all the good that each subject contains. We are surrounded here, even in our limited society, by people who differ much from one another. Some are bent towards serious subjects, others disposed for philosophical speculation; the greater part devoted to the frivolities of daily life. Some few privileged souls soar to the heights, and relish poetry and loftier subjects. Finally, at the end of all, come the train of people devoted to specialties, and who are grubbing in them from morning till night, and from night till morning."

Chapter IV.

Among all the preceding extracts, which I think will not be found fault with for their length—extracts so varied, and upon such different topics, in which Adelaide's elevated tone, charming character, and beautiful mind are clearly shown—there is one special passage which cannot be read without emotion, when we bear in mind the trial which awaited her at the end of life. It is that where she begs her youthful corespondent to set before her, and accept beforehand, for the love of God, every imaginable suffering. In examining her expressions at that moment, one sees how she had long since strengthened her mind and aroused her own courage; and the efficacy of this means, proved later by the result, is enough to induce the weak to become strong, and the fearful brave. But at the time when she thus spoke of suffering as one of the possible chances of the future, she was already enduring it; and from that moment she practiced the acceptance of suffering for the love of God with a perfection which would have been more perceptible if she had appeared conscious of it herself. In consequence of a serious fall some years before, she had been subject to continual discomfort, and walked lame and with difficulty. This sudden interruption to her natural activity, and the sharp pains which sometimes attacked her, would have been considered by another as a sufficient trial; but she dwelt upon these things so little, that in the end she managed to make them forgotten by others; and in this way the years slipped away till 1863, when an event, which at first sight would seem not likely to produce such consequences, brought about an unexpected change in the sister's peaceful life. By some rare accident in Italy, the part of the Strada Nuova in which their villa stood was entirely destitute of any church, and the only chapel to which they had access was at too great a distance for walking, especially for Adelaide.

This circumstance, which was simply an annoyance and a hindrance to her, was a far more real and serious evil to the surrounding population. The people neglected their religious practices from the impossibility of attending to them, and by little and little their piety decayed. Struck and grieved by what had come about, the two sisters formed the plan of building in this district, not a small chapel merely for their own use, but a real church, which should benefit the whole neighborhood. "Deeds, not words," might well be looked upon as their motto; and it rarely happened in their case that a good thought did not become a good action, if their strong will could bring it about. They chose for the site of their plan a spot called Bellavista, not far from their own house; and having obtained from the munificence of Francis II a small grant of land, they set themselves to work without seeking farther aid. They got a plan after their own taste from Germany, which departed widely from the false Greek and still falser Renaissance styles generally in vogue in Naples; and then, almost without an architect, and with only the workmen, whom they overlooked themselves, aided by their own understanding, persistence, and self-denial, in four years' time the church was built and opened to the public. Thanks to the zeal of two excellent and admirable priests, whose help they secured, this church became a central fire, whence the faith and piety of the neighborhood, which had died out only for want of support, was rekindled. Two wings, ending in two towers, were added to the church; one intended as a school and refuge for the poor; while the other was divided into small rooms, the letting of which might, to a certain extent, cover some of the considerable expense incurred in carrying out this charitable work. Still, as so often happens in such cases, the expenses exceeded what had been intended, and the good work they had carried out obliged the generous sisters to make greater sacrifices than they had anticipated. It ended in their going to occupy the wing-tower of the church themselves, and in their giving up their charming villa at Posilippo—the chosen and beloved retreat in which they had intended to live and die. They left it immediately and for always, apparently even without regret, so unmurmuring was their act. This was the sacrifice they offered, calmly pursuing and attaining their object of doing the utmost amount of good to the greatest possible number.

I can here appeal to the recollection of all who knew them at that time; and they will not gainsay me while I testify that this fruitful good work, destined to insure the well-being of the surrounding population, as much as their religious practice, was carried out almost in silence, and with such simplicity that very few even of the most frequent visitors at the elegant villa of Posilippo knew why it had been exchanged for another home. Some, indeed, went so far as to accuse the sisters of whim and imprudence; others expressed their wonder at their fancy of building a church, and pulled its architecture to pieces. But no one paused to

weigh the extent of their sacrifice, or thought of asking the reasons for making it, any more than the sisters did of rendering an explanation of their deeds.

These recollections, I must own, suggest comparisons which are not without sorrow and shame. My memory depicts afar off, in the midst of the wealth and splendor of Paris, a poor shabby little chapel, not even sufficing for the devotion of those who frequent it, much less providing for the wants of those who cannot find room in it. The need of a church in this district, or at least of a larger chapel, is felt by every one; and yet there is no one who thinks of silently sacrificing a portion of his goods to carry out this much-needed and desirable work. I repeat it with shame, there cannot be found in that opulent neighborhood wealth enough to carry out what two generous women did unaided, without noise or display, at Naples.

By a curious chance, when Adelaide Minutolo came to Paris in her hour of trial, she was lodging close to the little chapel I am speaking of, and often went into it to pray. Probably she observed its poverty with surprise, and contrasted it with what the splendor of the neighboring quarter might lead one to expect. But I can certainly undertake to say, that such reflections as I have just been making never occurred to her mind; and that she had no more idea of complacency in her own acts than on the day when, yielding to the necessity so generously and freely imposed upon herself, she left her beloved home forever.

Whilst the church and turrets of Bellavista were rising from the foundations, serious events were succeeding one another in Italy, and Naples especially had gone through a violent, rapid, and radical change. What impression had they made upon Adelaide's noble character? what had been the feelings of her religious heart, and the thoughts of her steadfast and manly mind? These things must be told; for the picture I am drawing of her would be unfinished, if I either suppressed or changed a single feature. And it must also be remembered, and we must never seek to deny it, that when, early in 1859, the words *power*, *independence*, and *liberty* were uttered for the first time, they caused all hearts to beat quickly. Some sudden vision appeared of a country waited for, beloved, craved for, but never possessed; and this rapid thrill of feeling was experienced by a large number of good and fervent Catholics, no less than by those who so promptly arrayed themselves on the enemy's side. But when that day came—alas, too speedily!—when blinded and ungrateful Italy grasped with violent hands the property of the Church, uplifting her impious voice against its august Head, and making arrogant pretensions upon Rome, it was these very people who suffered most of all.

I may almost say, that they were the only sufferers; for the partisans on the other side, to whom the excesses and mistakes of their country were a boon, took advantage of those very excesses and mistakes to reap a harvest for themselves. I venture, therefore, to repeat, that the Italians who suffered with truly

bleeding hearts were those who, while loving their country, and sharing many of its aspirations, loved their faith, their Church, and their God a thousand times more, and were now forced to know, with unspeakable anguish of soul, that an impassable barrier had sprung up between the two affections which are the sweetest and most desirable to unite. And in this way Adelaide also felt, discerned, and suffered.

Still, it was not in her character to give way to dejection and discouragement, and she hoped, in spite of everything, to the end—hoped, perhaps, under delusion, but with passionate desire, that a day would come for Italy when these two affections might meet in the same heart—a day when, pausing upon the fatal precipice, awakened from a fascination unworthy of all her recollections, and destructive of all her hopes, Italy should open her eyes clearly to her grand mission and true office; should bow down with joy and with *pride*, if the word were a fitting one for repentance, before *that holy spot where the successor of the great Peter sets his chair;** and thus should deserve that blessing, and with the blessing its peace:

"From those fatherly hands whence blessing comes."†

This was, in brief, the state of Adelaide's mind at this difficult and painful juncture; and it was not satisfactory either to the exclusive defenders of a past time, or to the excited partisans of the future—to these last perhaps less than to the former; for while entering into all that was lofty and generous—perhaps we might say ideal—in their love for their country, she never ceased to show a personal, keen, and respectful affection to the princes whom the changes in Italy had overthrown. Whether right or wrong, she discerned in the transformation undergone by her country the plans of Providence; she lent faith to such changes, but grieved over the losses which ensued from them; she loved those whose high position obliged them to suffer, and lost no opportunity of testifying without fear her esteem and regret. Once, among other occasions, she sent a bouquet of flowers to the young Queen,* whose crown had fallen almost before it had been placed upon her head. This act was blamed by the more violent of both sides; but those to whom the reverence was paid—more generous than either their adherents or their enemies—understood and accepted it, and later on welcomed the giver with a goodness at once honorable to themselves and to her. This time also neither their graciousness nor the act which called it forth was well received by all. In history there are days when nothing but violence seems to make itself heard; as during a storm nothing less noisy than itself is observed. But when time shall have rolled on, and the stormy days we are passing through shall have gone by; when the hatred they have engendered shall be ex-

* "Lo loco santo,
U' siede il successor del maggior Piero."
Dante.

† "De ces mains paternelles d'où le pardon descend."
V. Hugo.

* Of Naples.

tinct, the face of things will be changed, and we shall be better able to judge of those who maintained their mutual affection and esteem throughout the heat of the struggle; and above all, of those who, mastering the bitterness of their reverses, still preserved their sense of justice, and never confounded the opponents divided from them by disinterested and sincere conviction, with the crowd of traitors and base men who advocate every revolution, and are always the worshippers of success. When this day of peace and moderation shall have dawned—though scarcely, alas! in our time—then Adelaide's withered nosegay will be not only a relic, but a symbol also.

(To be continued.)

CALLED AND CHOSEN.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

Still runs the river past the broken wall
Where Claude and I were wont to sit of old,
Watching the limpid waters slide and fall
Over the dam—a sheet of molten gold;
What time the clouds, like faeries gaily dressed,
Built up their glorious castles in the west.

II.

Our sketch-books idly open on our knees,
And smell of wall-flowers filling all the air—
'Twas dreamy joy to watch whole argosies
Of gorgeous dragon-flies make shipwreck there;
And bees go diving with their foolish heads,
Into intoxicating lily-beds.

III.

"Sweet idleness!" said Claude, and then he drew
His smiling lips into a graver line,
And looked out with his earnest eyes of blue,
To where the rosy river ran like wine;
"O purple dragon-flies! O golden bees!
To you belongs this life of summer ease—

IV.

"But not to me,"—and then his face grew broad
With purest purpose, and his eyes gave out
Great placid rays, as if the stars of God
Within their azure heaven wheeled about;
"Except a man deny himself—" he said,
And then broke off, and drooped his classic head.

V.

Again: "The kingdom suffers violence,
And naught save violence shall win the prize;
Dost comprehend, dear heart, the mystic sense?"
I shivered as with cold, and hid mine eyes;
And all the glorious skies and glowing stream,
Swept into shadow like a broken dream.

VI.

That was five years ago. To-day, beside
The ruined wall, I sit alone and study
The same rich sunset clouds, the same swift tide,
Glassing the mill-dam with its ripples ruddy;
But on my lap, 'twixt folded hands, there lies
An open letter, traced 'neath foreign skies.

VII.

Dominican and priest, where Lacordaire's
First white-robed friars preached, and prayed, and read,
He that was Claude, now Father Saint Pierre,
Speaks from the written page as from the dead;
And joyous as a lover at the tryst,
Sighs ardently to shed his blood for Christ.

VIII.

O happy Claude! O happier Saint Pierre!
O happiest of all the souls that take
The cross of self-denial up, and bear
It bravely to the end for Christ's sweet sake.
Sail on, gay dragon-flies! hum on, bright bees!
We envy not your life of honeyed ease.

GIVING AWAY.

No one will be inclined to deny the importance of the great question of charity. It is a matter upon which all sober people must occasionally at any rate, bestow some thought. And there are certain times and seasons when we are more especially inclined to give it serious attention. A national calamity; unusual and wide-spread cases of distress and poverty; a terrible failure in a gigantic charitable scheme; something or other of this description is certain now and then to rise up and cause our minds to ponder the subject well in its different bearings.

We can all give some thought to it; but they are few, comparatively speaking, who are able also to give it time and attention; to make it one of the purposes of their lives; so that in this matter, as in others, they shall leave the world better, for their own individual exertions, than they found it.

And, of those who do accord to it time and thought and attention, how many bring strength of capability and judgment to bear upon their work? How many are not carried away by an undue softness of heart? or by a disinclination to inquire into things, the result of inertness? or by a notion that giving away money *must* be charity, and cannot ever be a mistake, or do harm? If we were to sift these numbers, as to their fitness to be personal donors, it is to be feared the result would be as in some competitive examinations; first take ten out of the thousand, and then select two out of the ten.

Charity is enjoined upon us. No one will deny that. The laws of God and man alike demand its exercise; "give freely, and without grudging." These words, written 1800 years ago, hold good to-day, and will to the end. But at the same time we are to give wisely. And if neither wisdom nor discretion is brought to bear, our alms will run the risk of doing a great deal more harm than good.

Charity is charity only so long as it relieves real distress. When it ceases to do this, it ceases to be charity. Many people wish to do good. They give away money because they feel that they ought to do it, and that if they neglect the duty, it may not be well with them at the last; but they are too often content with the wish and the action; and never trouble themselves to ascertain further. For this reason, perhaps, nothing is more certain than that a great deal of the charity given away, is the cause of very much of the idleness and vagabondism existing, and of the evil and distress that must of necessity follow in their train.

I would not say one word to lessen charity, to diminish the love that exists in the hearts of men towards their fellows, prompting them to acts of goodness and benevolence; but I would most strongly urge upon every one the necessity of care and prudence and inquiry in giving away money; as much care and prudence in this, as a man of business would exercise in the pursuit of any serious branch of his affairs.

If all would do this to the best of their ability, we should hear less of the heartrending scenes of poverty and distress that so often play havoc with the more sensitive parts of our nature; and the records of crime in our prison calendars would be lessened. I do not say that charity will be alone to blame for all this. The events of the past ten years, alas, too sadly prove the contrary; but there is no doubt that charity—or rather the miscarriage of charity—will have been one of the great promoters of a state of things that ought never to have existed. And therefore it is impossible to speak in terms too strong, to utter warnings too solemn, or to give censures too severe against the indiscriminate and unwise use of false charity.

Let me repeat—I would not seek to lessen the impulse of true charity in the heart of any man; I would not for worlds stay the hand stretched forth to help. On the contrary, would I rather say to all who can afford it, give this year, or next year, twice the amount you have ever given before. Give it freely, and openly, and generously, and receive back into your conscience repayment a thousandfold; but see that you give it wisely. Take care that what you give fulfils its object; that it goes into proper channels, and does *not*, as is now too often the case, foster indolence and encourage vice.

Of one thing we may be sure: the necessity for real charity will exist as long as the world shall last. God has implanted this greatest of the Christian virtues within the heart, and will never leave it to starve for want of food. In this world there must always be the poor as well as the rich; and by "the poor," I mean that portion of humanity that, but for the rich, would die of cold and hunger, and wretchedness. This is partly the result of the fall and its curse; but I believe it would exist, if for no other reason, to give God's people an opportunity of showing and proving their love and gratitude to Him, for all His wonderful care and goodness. "The poor ye have with you always." And it is to these, and to such as these, that our help should be given.

There is one thing to be said on the other side. That even as in this world nothing is perfect, so the administration of charity can never be perfect. But we can strive after amendment, and we can do our best.

Charity does not consist in the mere giving away of money. It consists also of sympathy, and of the many forms in which sympathy is expressed. But this is individual and concerns only the person offering it. Kind words cannot hurt; but money may do harm, as well as good. One great misfortune is the extreme difficulty that exists in finding out the really deserving poor. Those who thrust themselves prominently forward; who take care that they shall be seen plainly and heard loudly; are as a rule undeserving of assistance. They may be in distress, but idleness has most likely brought them to it; and they would rather go on in this state of existence, begging their bread, and appealing to public sympathy, than earn their livelihood by honest labor. They do vast harm, these semi-impostors; for they take up

the alms that are wanted by the really necessitous; and when their worthlessness is found out, one gets angry and buttons up his coins. A man who is often imposed upon grows hard at last. He is apt to think every fresh case he hears of nothing but one of fresh deceit; and he gets to undraw the purse strings but on rare occasions —a collection at church, or a national subscription.

Of course this ought not so to be. It is punishing the just for the unjust on one side; on the other a man becomes close and hard where he ought only to have been cautious and prudent. One who allows himself to be often taken in is little less to blame than the knave who imposes upon him. There are certain occasions of course where the wariest of us are deceived; but as a rule a little trouble, and certainly a little experience will enable us to detect fraud.

But, no man should allow his heart to grow callous because he has been once in a way deceived. On the contrary, he may look out for imposition and expect it, just as now and again we meet a counterfeit coin amidst the true metal. Sometimes it will be as difficult to detect the imposture as to single out the false coin from the real. In all things there is a negative and positive; there will always be good and bad; perfect and imperfect; everything real is imitated. Therefore if we are wise we shall be on guard against imposition; but not be disheartened though it now and then get the better of us.

Real poverty and real cases of distress, are, it must be repeated, as a rule hard to find out. People who are really in misfortunes do not trumpet their woes aloud in the market-place. They are ashamed to beg; they are bowed down with humility, crushed with sorrow; they have never had to ask before; and they don't like to begin now, and don't know how to set about it. They are not too proud to accept help; on the contrary, they will do so thankfully and gratefully; but they cannot seek it; they must be sought out themselves. And it is this latter seeking out that is so difficult.

Every one has not the gift. It would be as impossible for some people to go about and find out the deserving poor, and talk to them and relieve them, as it would be for a simple plough-boy to work out a proposition in Euclid. With the best intentions in the world, these people would only do harm; in fact they could not attempt to do it at all. They can only give. And it is all they are called upon to do; all that God will ever demand at their hands, or he would not have denied them the talent. As long as the world lasts there will always be givers and seekers; and the givers should see that the seekers are never without means to relieve the distress they look for. As it is, how often you hear these missionaries exclaim: "If I only had more money, how much good I could do with it! how much it is wanted!" They are not kept properly supplied with funds, though if the rest of us did what we ought, there would be funds in abundance, and to spare.

"It is the few that give," remarked a friend one day; "not the many." And looking at one's ex-

perience, it is to be feared that this is often the case. In a community you frequently find that a few, a very few, give liberally; whilst the greater portion either don't give at all, or to a very limited extent. They seem to think it no concern of theirs. They are not called upon to help. It is quite enough for them to pay their way, and keep up their own position, and, perhaps, put by. And this especially applies to large cities, far more so than to small towns and villages where there exists more of a home feeling than can ever spring up amidst a population of millions. There we know every one by sight, if not personally; we are more in the position of one great family; everybody is literally a neighbor; and we feel bound to help wherever exceptional misery shows itself. In cities a great deal of the giving away is prompted by a sense of duty only. The mere feeling of obligation is not the highest motive that can influence men; but it is a very prevalent one, and if every one would listen to and act upon it, less would be heard of misery and poverty. And, a strict sense of duty would act for good in other ways also. It would for one thing prevent much of that waste that exists in the houses of the rich. It has been calculated that this waste alone, going on in London houses, would more than feed all the town's hungry poor. Thus the rich, without self-denial, without effort, without additional expenditure, might relieve much of the abounding distress: though of course some organization and system would be necessary.

And if this is true, what sort of a responsibility are those incurring, who allow this waste to go on month after month, and year after year?

Why don't they do it, may be asked. Simply because they are taken up and absorbed with the cares and pleasures of the world: and there'd be the trouble. The very fact of their abundant wealth destroys their sympathy. Human nature feels most those things which most nearly affect it. Riches cannot realize or imagine poverty and its evils. A man in strong, robust health, cannot by any possibility put himself in imagination in the position of another dying of some wasting malady. One with a wonderful love for music or painting can scarcely understand that there exist people with no ear for the one, no eye for the other. It is as a rule only where things touch and affect ourselves—come home to us in a measure, and assimilate with us, that we can enter largely into them.

This is one reason why the poor are the friends of the poor—a saying as old and true as the Flood. The poor could not get on without the poor. It is because they know so well each others' cares, and sorrows, and privations. And with all their ignorance, with all the evil influence around, we often find in these poor far more of the spirit and life of Christ, than in those who from their birth have been clothed in purple and fine linen, and had lavished upon them every advantage of care, refinement, and education.

This carelessness, and the indifference it engenders, is one of the great and crying evils of the day.

To be somewhat less taken up with our own cares and pursuits; to spare a little more attention—and it would require but a little from each—to bestow upon others, would make all the difference, and set much right that is now wrong.

Riches are a great responsibility; and only in proportion as men fulfil their responsibilities must they look for a blessing upon themselves and their work. "No man liveth to himself." This is true of every one that ever came into the world. Each one by his life and conduct is consciously and unconsciously influencing the life of another or others; and though, like the seed that is put into the ground, it may not at first be seen, it will eventually spring forth and bear fruit for good or ill, thirty, fifty, or a hundred fold. And the influence of some men is so great, that they can scarcely give a look, or stir a step, or speak a word, without exercising it.

Give then freely, with a good heart; to the best of your means. God is no man's debtor; be sure you will never be the poorer for it; though don't give hoping for a reward in this world. But give wisely and discriminately; take care, as far as you possibly can, to *know* that it will do good; that your money is not going to the encouragement of idleness, and beggary, and vice. There is so much real distress in the world, especially at this present moment, that there is no fear of your having more money to spend than ways to spend it in.

"That which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A saying that it would be good for man never to lose sight of; and the more especially in the matter of alms-giving.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres,
Through chinks, styled organs, dim Life peeps at light;
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feigned evil Nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven,
By tyrant Life dethroned, imprisoned, pained?
By Death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; Life, the soul.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

I. Poetry.

By the Catholic idea in literature we mean the multiform traces and evidences of Catholic teaching, and the profound impress of the Church's influence, which are to be found in modern literature. We purpose showing, in these papers, that the masterpieces of modern literary genius are, on this account, due to the inspiration and the teaching of the Catholic faith. Before beginning our theme, it is well to fix with precision, the true conception of literature—a word which is so loosely and vaguely used, that it has wellnigh become meaningless. We hold that a people's literature is a revelation of our common human nature, as it is modified by national peculiarities and institutions, and by popular customs and modes of thinking. The highest and best form of literature is that in which human nature is depicted in its general spirit and manifestations. This is the literature which, as Henry Reed says, "addresses man as man," namely, by delineating those characteristics which are found everywhere the same in each member of the human family. This "universality" is the mark which wins for literature its power and immortality. This mark is the criterion which the world follows in its estimate of authors and their productions. The few books which constitute the world's library are those whose revelation of human nature is the fullest and truest.

In illustrating our view, we begin with Poetry, because it is in verse that the richest treasures of literature are kept, and through its medium the best revelation of nature is communicated. Indeed, Aristotle defines poetry as the interpretation of a people's mind and the forecast of its destiny. All students of literature know that it is in poetry chiefly, that a nation's moral temperament and distinctive intellectual features appear. The poet is pre-eminently the interpreter of the heart and the mind. His office is to reveal the spiritual characteristics formed in his countrymen by the education which they receive from the system of religion and of law under which they live, and through which their higher nature is manifested. Hence the value of poetry as a means of gaining an insight into the moral and intellectual development of a nation. The poet, moreover, is keenly alive to impressions to which less finely organized minds are not subject. He is easily imbued with the grandeur of religion, nature, and art, as he finds them in his own land. His poems, in consequence, are so many pictures of his nation's life, which are shaded or glorified according as the scenes and associations in which he dwells, exert a depressing and malignant influence on his genius, or develop and ennoble it. The only instance in which this national influence is limited in its power over the poetic faculty, is where a poet's vast and comprehensive genius enables him to create worlds of his own, as Johnson says of Shakspeare. Such a poet, instead of being moulded

and controlled by the world about him, reverses this normal relation, and by the creative energy of his genius, fashions and directs the minds of his contemporaries. He divests himself of the trammels of time and country, and becomes the teacher and interpreter of humanity. His ministry is thus catholic in its scope, and perpetual in its lessons. His works cannot be exclusively claimed by his own country, for he embraces all times and lands, and his poems awaken in every human spirit a responsive echo. Only to such a poet can the Latin word for poet, *vates*, be applied, since such as he are alone endowed with the prophetic power of so creating heroes and heroines as to make them types of character to be seen among men, as long as our nature remains the same.

But the generality of poets, great as they are and sweet as is their song, may not be classed with the prophet-bards. *Their* ministry is neither universal in its range of thought and character, nor is its teaching perpetual. They are the revealer of the minds of particular peoples, and their poems in consequence, must be studied under this limited aspect. From their revelation, we learn the spirit which informs the time in which the poet writes; we grow familiar with his people's habits of thought. He depicts the commonplace incidents and objects of their life; their humble joys and sorrows. His popularity is proportionate to the perfection of this revelation. If he fails to understand their character, or if he attributes to them ideas or sentiments alien to their nature as this is modified by their education and institutions, they will refuse to recognize his ministry, whilst they reprobate his work. On the other hand, if he faithfully embodies in his poems the spirit of his age and country; if he does homage to whatever is noble in their character and hallowed in their recollections, even if he reproves their faults and censures their follies, they will admit the truth of his revelation, and enshrine him in their memory and heart.

It is a saddening reflection, however, that in periods when vice is dominant, only those poets are popular who, by pandering to prevailing low tastes and by chiming in with current, false views of morality, prove faithless to their high ministry of teaching truth and godliness. Nevertheless, even these poems, but too faithfully delineate the times. Thus in England, during the seventeenth century, an age in which the standard of morality and of intellectual culture was extremely low, the doggerel of infamous poetasters was received with general applause. Such popularity, proceeding as it does from a perverted and abnormal condition of society, must, from its very nature and concomitants, be short lived. Men naturally abhor sham and falsehood, and despise an author whose language and life show him to be one who has lost his self-respect and forgotten the dignity of his manhood. Forced to obey this law, which bids even the libertine respect virtuous actions and sentiments, a people will eventually reject an author whose works reveal impurity or unworthy views of life and its duties. Thus the after-condemnation of intrinsically bad

books which once were in favor indicates both a more discriminating spirit of criticism and a higher tone of morality. Any book which is unable to stand this test which will one day be applied to it, will ultimately sink into oblivion.

Applying these general notions of the nature and scope of poetry, considered as a revelation of a people, to the enduring poetical remains of ancient and modern times, we discover, in all this the shadowing forth of the national life. The stirring notes of Homer, the philosophical verse of Hesiod, the exquisite stanzas of Archilochus, show us the Greeks under their threefold aspect of warriors, thinkers, and artists. The deification of nature, so apparent in Homer and the Cyclic poets, is the natural expression of the spirit that pervaded the whole system of Grecian mythology. Virgil, in the Æneid, reveals to us the phase which the religious sentiment assumed in the mind of the Latin races. Both Greek and Roman bards interpret for us the peculiar spirituality of the heathen mind and show us the foundation of truth (garbled and mystified as it was) which sustained the dream-fabric of mythology. They strike the keynote of the mingled harmony and discord which re-echoed throughout the polytheistic system. Occasionally we encounter a passage in Hesiod or an Eclogue in Virgil, which evidences the yearning of the pagan soul for a purer creed—the upspringing of the immortal spirit to its Creator. The thoughtful student of ancient poetry recognizes in the distorted truths which heathendom possessed, and to which the poets gave expression, scintillations of the Light which, in its perfect effulgence, irradiated from Christ, "the Day-spring visiting us from on high."

Passing from the poets that interpret the spiritual nature of the Greeks and the Romans, to those that show us the same nations in everyday life, we find in Aristophanes and Horace a complete delineation of their race in its domestic and social relations. The petty vices, small tricks of trade, narrow-minded prejudice, in short, the general characteristics of social intercourse under Augustus are shown up by Horace in so graphic, and, withal, so truthful a guise, that we seem to mingle with the crowd in the forum, and to recognize each character as he hurries by. But the exclusive and malevolent spirit of Paganism debarred the poet whom it swayed from that communion with the inner life of his people without which he could not grow conversant with their moral strength or weakness. The spirit that breathes in the *barbaros* of Homer, and in the "*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*" of Horace is in direct antagonism to the kindly sympathy which Christianity bids us cherish for our fellow-men. Hence the poetry of heathendom reflects the ungodly and inhuman creed which held the Gentiles in thrall. This fact explains the shallowness of the sociological theories broached by the later Greek poets, and the entire absence, in all heathen poetry, of that tender reverence for man as man which Christianity alone can inspire. Mythology, by subjecting the spiritual elements of man's being to the sensual, directly op-

posed the teachings of the natural law, and introduced into heathendom the direful condition of moral ruin and degradation which the apostle sketches. (Rom. 1.) The poet, in consequence, was unacquainted with the hidden springs of human action, and therefore was obliged to study the human spirit only in its external manifestations. Hence his revelation was imperfect and unsatisfactory.

It is evident that Christianity, by exhibiting to man the place which he holds in creation and redemption, and by disclosing the manifold affinities which subsist between God and himself, between the present and the future life, and between the individual man and the universal brotherhood of men, furnishes the poet with a full revelation of humanity in its eternal and temporal relations. The profound philosophy, harmonizing with the moral, intellectual, and emotional in human nature, which the Church unfolds; the copious light shed by her teaching upon problems which our unaided intellect cannot solve; the science of Catholic theology and anthropology supply the only sure and adequate position from which the poet can look upon and delineate man. Thus, we discover in the first efforts of the Christian muse—the Latin hymns of the primitive Church—the presence of a divine and soul-satisfying philosophy, which the most finished productions of the poetic heathen mind entirely lack. We look in vain through the range of pagan poetry for those simple, sublime views of life, and that intuitive perception of the grandeur and the lowliness of human nature, which appear in these unpretending hymns of the Church.

In the ages of faith, when the presence and power of the Church made themselves felt in all the relations of life, religious, civil, and social, the poet studied his people through her medium and under her tutelage. We find, accordingly, in the poetical remains of the middle ages the workings of the powerful religious influence which placed the poet in accord and sympathy with the mediæval mind. Nor does the intermingling of the religious element with the purely ideal give to the poetry of the middle ages the grotesque or ludicrous phase which several modern critics, Hallam among the number, pretend to see. This very union of poetry and religion is a profound revelation of the intellectual cast of the age. The Church had for the poet the same fascination that drew the painter to her shrines, though the inspiration she imparted to each was different. Whilst the painter was constrained to sketch the outward, and, so to speak, the material beauty of the Church, the poet's nobler function enabled him to embody in verse those forms of spiritual loveliness that no pencil can draw. The artist strove to picture the face of Christ; the Church taught the poet to trace the Christ-life in men.

As we draw near our own time we cannot but deplore the destructive influence exerted on poetry by the advent of Protestantism. The spirit of the Reformation is directly antagonistic to aught poetical or beautiful. Under its sway, the first reformers devoted to destruction the choicest remains of art

that fell into their desecrating hands. The Gothic cathedral was supplanted by the meeting-house, the cross by the vane, the sculptural altar by the bare reading-desk. But Protestantism did not stop here. It carried the work of destruction into the realms of the intellect and the imagination. By proclaiming doctrines not in harmony with human reason; nay, in direct contradiction with the spiritual perceptions of man, it destroyed the intercommunion of the poet and his people. How could he interpret minds continually agitated by doubt and religious speculation? He could no longer counsel the performance of good works, for, according to a fundamental Protestant doctrine, good works, if not actual sins, as Luther and Melancthon taught, are unnecessary and useless. He could no longer sing the triumphs of the Christian warfare, if in the battle against the infernal powers the Christian remains inactive. He could no longer discourse upon the blessedness of divine charity, if faith alone saves. How could he speak of the dignity of human nature, if that nature is essentially and radically corrupt? Why endeavor to depict the glories of the City of God in order to cheer the faltering soul in its earthly pilgrimage, if the future lot of mortals has been determined by the irrevocable decree of God predestinating a favored few to Heaven and the majority of the race to hell.

Protestantism thus destroyed the ideal man of Catholicity, and set up instead a caricature constructed from distorted texts of Scripture. It lowered to the dust the lofty standard of morality which the Church establishes. It impeded the spiritual development of the race. In fine, it threatened a relapse into heathenism, inasmuch as its fundamental principles struck at the primary doctrines of Christianity. Could the poet demand of such a creed, a revelation of God? Could he, on beholding the ever changing forms of its doctrines, believe that a religion which thus in its very essence, contradicted the oneness of truth, came forth from God? The Deity cannot reveal contradictions, and hence, Protestantism cannot be a revelation from him. Moreover, it is not a revelation of humanity, since it represents our nature as something integrally evil and essentially debased. It insults the intellect by proposing to its belief, doctrines whose patent absurdity mocks the soul's longing for truth. It shocks the moral sentiment, by excusing on theoretic grounds, the gravest sins. Its view of public worship is at variance with the conception of divine service, as shown in the liturgies of all religions. In a word, the poet viewing humanity from the Protestant point, can never interpret its nature. Nay, his ministry is entirely excluded by the Protestant doctrine on the human will, for, if man is not free, as Protestantism teaches, then man's actions do not proceed from an inward free principle, and consequently they are not human, in the theological acceptation of the term. Protestantism thus denies to the poet what heathenism conceded, namely the possibility of delineating man as he revealed his spirit in outward acts. Nay, Paganism,

which, as we have seen, bore in its bosom mementoes of the Lost Eden, suffered its poets to discourse on the spark of Divinity which glimmered in even the heathen soul; but Protestantism must logically condemn such a view, as it directly clashes with its doctrine on original sin.

The conclusion follows that Protestantism can neither inspire nor teach the poet in his efforts to reveal the inner life of his people, or to impart to them lessons of moral worth or responsibility. The admirable poetry, consequently, which the Protestant bards of England, Germany, and America have given to the world, must not be attributed to the inspiration of Protestantism, but to the indirect influence of the Catholic Church on the poetic mind, and to the true instincts of a human nature untrammelled by the false doctrines of a pseudo-Christian religion. Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, in which he instinctively recognizes the Catholic doctrine of communion with the departed, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Psalm of Life* with their lessons and counsels of moral heroism, are outbursts of genuine poetic feeling which Catholicity alone can evoke, but which Protestantism must consistently repress.

The only great poem in our language, to which Protestantism with any plausibility can lay claim, is Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But this poem, finished as it is in execution and matchless as it is in rhythm, is nevertheless, essentially unchristian in its conception and scope. Not to speak of Milton's erroneous view of the Fall, or his ridiculous idea of the Paradisiac man, his characterization of Satan and his impious descriptions of God, are abhorrent to all Christian sensibility. If Homer deifies Nature, Milton deifies Satan. We have the archfiend described so pathetically that we almost fancy the poet felt that an injury had been done his hero, in his banishment from heaven. We cannot conceive how a fallen spirit possesses the virtues of heroism, compassion, gentleness, and patience, yet Milton invests the devil with these and other noble qualities. Hell, as portrayed by this "distinctively Protestant poet," is not that region of unspeakable woe, of which the Scripture speaks, but it is a kingdom in which the "ruined archangel" sits in state and ministers to the needs of his subjects. Contrast with this Protestant poem Dante's Catholic epic on a kindred theme, and observe the effects of the totally different religious influence under which the Catholic and the Protestant poet wrote. The adoring awe with which Dante prostrates himself before his angel, and humbly protests his unworthiness to gaze upon Paradise, is in striking contrast with the irreverent boldness with which Milton describes the angelic hosts, and blasphemously treats of the nature of the Only Begotten Son. Dante shows throughout the self-abasing spirit of the Catholic faith, the consciousness of always treading upon holy ground, just as Milton displays the unshrinking presumption of Protestantism, the careless treatment of things sacred, the spirit that despoiled the altars and scattered to the winds the venerated dust of

martyrs and saints. The song of the Catholic and the Puritan bard mirrors his respective faith.

The inadequacy of Protestantism to inspire true poetry is further shown from the fact that the English language contains no great poem constructed upon Protestant principles, or permeated by Protestant doctrine. Even Spenser, whose Puritanism was of marked type, and whose hatred of Catholicity in every form was more than theoretic, draws upon Catholic legend and faith in his *Faery Queen*. The poetry of subsequent epochs, which has touched the popular heart, owes its success to Catholic views of morality and life. The only poems of Dryden's that outlasted a century, are those which he wrote after his erratic genius was drawn within the circle of the Church's influence. It is to be regretted that Pope's brilliant mind was suffered to follow the false lights of Bolingbroke's deistical philosophy, but the poet having once abandoned his ancestral faith, found nothing in Protestantism, or in infidel philosophy to satisfy the cravings of his poetic nature. Yet his *Essay on Man*, though in the main trifling and unsound, contains truths which evidence their Catholic origin, even when partly concealed by the garb of Voltaire's philosophy. Those who are familiar with the poetry of Cowper must have observed the painful uncertainty of mind under which he labors, when he would fain speak of God and His relations with men. Protestantism could not answer his prayer for guidance, and his mind, which if attuned to the grand harmonies of Catholic truth might have "discoursed music most admirable," became in the end "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Walter Scott's true poetic instincts enabled him to find in mediæval Christianity, that form of the chivalrous sentiment which the Church fosters, and which blends so happily with the poet's own conception of "a noble knight and most worthy gentleman." The idea of Christian faith, which Southey elaborates in *Thalaba*, is distinctively Catholic. The Catholic thoughts and even expressions which occur in Wordsworth and Keble sufficiently indicates the tendency of their mind to the sole well-spring of pure, Christian poesy. And not without significance is the gradual return of poetry to subjects whose very titles are Catholic. We may instance Tennyson's *Holy Grail* and our own Lowell's *Cathedral*.

It is time then that such expressions as "Protestant poetry" and "Protestant poetic inspiration," which authors and reviewers of immature and unphilosophical scholarship are fond of employing, should be excluded from literary magazines and histories of literature. All real poetry is essentially Catholic. It can be inspired by Catholicity alone. The great English poets have found their Protestant creed a hindrance instead of a help to their poetic culture, and they have been obliged to draw directly or indirectly on the Catholic Church for that guidance and revelation, without which they cannot interpret nature or discharge their lofty ministry of teaching their fellow men. To the Church, the interpreters of the divine revelation and the unveiler of the arcana

of human life and its destiny; the venerable mother of all our civilization, art, and literature, to her must the children of song have recourse, and from her lips learn their ministry and receive their inspiration.

(To be continued.)

FROM BORDEAUX TO PARIS, 1871.

THE DOVE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MESSAGES.

Laden with sorrow—laden with love,
Soar to thy home again, beautiful dove!
Like rain to the desert thy tidings shall be,
Bird of good omen, our hope is in thee!

Up in the sunny air, up and away,
Swift as the dawn that announces the day,
And safe as the dawn from the shafts of the foe
That lurks in his murderous myriads below.

Tidings and messages float on thy wing;
Some of them glad as the blooms of the spring,
Some of them sad as the leaves when they fall,
But fresh from the hearts that have prompted them all.

From lover to lover, from husband to wife;
Volumes, one-sentenced, of death or of life,
Or message of hope from brave mother to son,
To nerve his right arm for the fight to be won.

Soar with them, haste with them, beautiful bird,
Untiring, unerring, unseen, and unheard,
And stay not thy flight on the breeze or the blast,
Till Paris, the lovely, receives thee at last.

Oh! proud will she be, the sad Queen of the World,
Oppressed, not uncrowned, with her banner unfurled,
To learn that her France in defiance and scorn,
Is armed to avenge every wrong she has borne.

Speed with thy tidings, beautiful dove!
Carry to Paris our hope and our love,
Our will to be free whatsoever betide.
Bird of good omen, may God be thy guide!

SAVED FROM DEATH.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years; and he often came down to see me, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings, and jealousies, and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good, and true-hearted, and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor, little, insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said yes I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast; and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly; and somehow I felt very happy—so happy, that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room, I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said: "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him; and after that, matters went on in a very quiet unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was anything but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate; and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said in a quiet strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive!" I exclaimed; "why, we shall be rich."

"Rich? yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke; "but I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you cannot accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a

stumbling-block in his path, when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive: I am selfish!" I exclaimed: "you must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered: "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling?"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently; and so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment; and though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait;" but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and in one short fortnight all was settled; farewells had been said: and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible, that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical

evening that I elicited that response from him; and as he spoke, he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping anything from me, Clive?" I said gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance, you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said lightly; and then, in an undertone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous?"

"Yes, love. Three days ago, one man was employed pumping; the next day, two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening; to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung aleak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said, "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms' length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily

moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the rippling plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke, it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About mid-day, they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'en Webster," said an old bluff-looking sailor; "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting again it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done; and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am, cap'en—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again; who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word, when Captain Webster threw them in a compass, and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when for the first time Clive spoke: "Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours, she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words; but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy; and upon its being launched, sails, masts, and cordage were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard; and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backwards and forwards from the cabin carrying necessaries for use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone, and that it was not until every effort had failed that I left my ship." He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to seize their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first, I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side; and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on, and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defence we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept, but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time, I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay. As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction, to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation, the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bale out the water which con-

stantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable, by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed round, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time, even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril, the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provision had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted towards keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other, for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around,

ever tantalizing, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken, and though with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draught that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwarts, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled upon me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and in spite of my effort to restrain it, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress, and before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified, but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared, but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterwards, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak, but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive stony figures, whose fixed and heavy eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting upon my breast, while the sigh of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face —moisten his hair," whispered a harsh voice, which I did not recognize as the captain's; but I tried to obey it, and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling mine, and his eyes half closed; and then it was, that with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him so young and brave to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been

content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingled with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half-supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so; but it was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end, that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sign, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so care-worn, pallid, and anxious, as to be almost unrecognizable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor; and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months

that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterwards that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

THE GENERAL COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.

The First General Council was that held at Nice, under Pope Sylvester, in the reign of Constantine the Great, in the year 325; at which there were three hundred and eighteen bishops present. The sovereign pontiff presiding in the persons of his legates, Osius of Corduba, in Spain, and Virus and Vincentius, presbyters of the Roman Church. In this council were condemned the Arians, Quartodecimans, and Melitians.

The second was that of Constantinople, held under S. Damasus Pope, and Theodosius, Emperor, at which were a hundred and fifty bishops; it opened in May, A.D. 381, and continued till July of the same year. In this, the Macedonians, who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, were condemned, the Nicene Faith was confirmed, and the creed which is still recited at the Mass, commonly styled the Nicene creed (because it does not differ from that of Nice only inasmuch as some words have been added by way of explanation) was published. This council was composed of few bishops, principally from the East: yet it is regarded as œcumenical, because it followed in all things what had recently been defined in the council of Rome, in 378; to which the oriental bishops had been summoned by letters addressed to them while assembled at Constantinople. Moreover the decrees of this council, in matters of faith, were approved in another council celebrated at Rome, in the year 382. Hence those three councils, on account of their perfect agreement, are to be considered as but one and the same.

The third was celebrated at Ephesus, in 431, under S. Celestine Pope, and Theodosius, the younger. In the name of the pontiff, St. Cyril of Alexandria presided, with Arcadius and Projectus, bishops, and Philip, a presbyter. Two hundred bishops were present. It decreed, in opposition to the heresy of the Nestorians, that in Christ there is but one person, and the Blessed Virgin Mary is the Mother of God.

The fourth was that of Chalcedon, anno 451, under S. Leo, Pope, and Marcian, Emperor. Leo was represented by Paschasinus and Lucentius, bishops, and Boniface,

a priest. Eutyches and Dioscorus, admitting but one nature in Christ, were condemned.

The fifth was the second of Constantinople, under Vigilius, Pope, and Justinian, Emperor, A.D. 553, at which a hundred and sixty-five bishops, all oriental, were present; but which was afterwards approved by Vigilius and the Western bishops. It condemned the works of Theodore of Mopsuesta, of Theodoret against St. Cyril, and the epistle of Ibas Maris, the Persian: these three works are known under the title of the three chapters.

The sixth was the third of Constantinople, under Agatho, Pope, and Constantine Pogonatus, Emperor, anno 680. In the name of the pontiff, presided Theodore and George, presbyters, John, a deacon, and (as St. Anastasius writes) Constantius, a sub-deacon. Two hundred and eighty-nine bishops were present, according to Theophanes and Cedrenus; but according to Photius only a hundred and seventy. From the acts, however, in the last session, we find that a hundred and sixty-six subscribed their names.

In the year 679, in April, a council was celebrated at Rome, over which the pontiff presided in person. From this, three legates were deputed to the council of Constantinople; and in both, which should be considered but one, the Monothelites were condemned, and the two wills in Christ vindicated.

The seventh was the second of Nice; convened at first at Constantinople, but translated to Nice in 787, under the pontificate of Adrian I; Constantine and his mother Irene reigning in the East. The Pope's legates were Peter, archpresbyter of the Roman Church, and Peter, Abbot of S. Saba. There were present three hundred and fifty, perhaps more, oriental bishops, who decreed that the use of sacred images was to be retained, and that they may be venerated.

The eighth was the fourth of Constantinople, under Adrian II, who presided through his legates Donatus and Stephen, bishops, and Marinus, deacon, during the reign of Basil, A.D. 869. In this council, composed of one hundred and two bishops, S. Ignatius, who had been unjustly expelled from his see, was restored, and Photius, who had invaded the Patriarchate, was deposed and excommunicated.

The ninth was the first of Lateran, celebrated at Rome in the Basilic of the Lateran, anno 1123, in presence of Calixtus II, with three hundred bishops and six hundred abbots. It was convoked for the purpose of settling the difficulties growing out of the usurpation by secular princes of the investitures of benefices, and to commence the holy wars in Palestine and Spain against the Saracens.

The tenth was the second of Lateran, celebrated in 1139, in the presence of Innocent II, and about a thousand bishops. It condemned the schism of Peter Leo, and the errors of the Petrobusians and Arnoldists, and restored ecclesiastical discipline.

The eleventh was the third of Lateran, A.D. 1179, under the Emperor Frederic I, presided over by Alexander III. Three hundred and two bishops attended. The object of this was to provide against schism, to reform the morals of the

clergy, and to condemn the errors of the Waldenses and Albigenses.

The twelfth was the fourth of Lateran, under Innocent III, with four hundred and twelve bishops; convoked for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land, reviving discipline, and condemning the heresies of the Abbot Joachim and the Albigenses. In this council was issued the famous canon, *omnis utriusque sexus*, anno 1215.

The thirteenth was the first of Lyons, during the reign of Frederic II, in Germany, and of St. Louis in France: over which Innocent IV presided, A.D. 1245. There were present a hundred and forty bishops. It was celebrated against the Emperor Frederic, to carry on the expedition against the Turks, and to enforce discipline.

The fourteenth was the second of Lyons, anno 1274, at which there were four hundred bishops, and a thousand abbots and inferior prelates, under Pope Gregory X. To this council St. Thomas of Aquin was invited, but died on his way, in the monastery of Fossanova, on the 7th of March, 1274. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal and Bishop of Albano, died during the celebration of this council, on the 15th of July, A.D. 1274. It was celebrated in the Primatial Basilic of John, to procure the reunion of the Latin and Greek churches, to reform morals, and to effect a more speedy election of popes, when the see becomes vacant, than before.

The fifteenth was that of Vienne, in Gaul, A.D. 1311, under Clement V, with three hundred bishops, and several kings, viz.,—Edward II of England, James II of Arragon, Philip the Fair of France, with his three sons, who were afterwards his successors, under the style of Louis X, Philip V, and Charles IV. It was convoked in order to suppress the order of the Knights Templars; to condemn the heresies of the Fratricelli and Beguards; and to afford aid for the carrying on of the holy wars.

The sixteenth was convoked at Constance, under John XXIII, A.D. 1413, opened on the 16th of November, 1414, and concluded on the 22d of April, 1418, under Martin V, whose election was made in the 41st session, after the deposition of John XXIII, and Benedict XIII, and the resignation of Gregory XII. The forty-five articles of John Wickliffe, who had been dead several years, were condemned *in globo;* as also the thirty articles of Huss, who was delivered over to the secular arm, and doomed to the stake. Jerome of Prague shared the same fate. Three hundred bishops attended this council.

The next council was convoked at Basle. It was œcumenical in its convocation, but schismatical in its termination.

It was assembled by Martin V, in order to repress the heresies and seditions of the Bohemians, and to reform the morals of the faithful. It opened on the 14th of December, A.D. 1431, under the sanction of Eugenius IV, who had succeeded Martin. Julian, a cardinal, presided as apostolic legate.

After the first session Eugenius translated it to Bologna. 1. Because very few bishops had met at Basle. 2. Because a war had broken out between the dukes of Austria and Burgundy, which ren-

dered Basle unsafe. 3. Because the Greeks, whose union with the Latin church was much desired, required a more convenient place, and nearer the seacoast. 4. Because the fathers of Basle usurped an illegitimate power over Eugenius, the rightful sovereign pontiff.

The council opposed this translation, and contemplated the deposition of the Pope; who, for the sake of peace, revoked the decree for its dissolution. In the seventeenth session he authorized Julian to represent him, prescribing certain regulations and conditions, to which the bishops refused to submit. He again dissolved the council, and was unjustly deposed from the papacy in the thirty-ninth session. In his place Amadeus was intruded under the denomination of Felix V—the eighteenth antipope.

A few Gallican theologians have contended for the œcumenicity of this Council, at least in its earlier sessions. We do not see how this opinion can stand before the fact that the Church in accord with Eugenius has neither recognized any of its acts or proceedings from the 25th to the 45th session, nor in any way approved any decree averse to the supreme power of the Pope, and the infallible and irreformable character of his decrees *ex cathedra*.

The seventeenth was that of Florence, over which Eugenius IV presided; present, a hundred and forty-one bishops, with the Emperor John Palæologus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and legates from the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. In the first session the Cardinal Abergatus acted as legate *a latere;* in the others the Pope himself presided. There were sixteen sessions at Ferrara; the seventeenth was held at Florence. In this council the union of the Greek and Latin churches was effected, and the Definition of Faith issued, commonly styled *Decretum Unionis;* in which it is declared, first, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; and that the word *filioque* was lawfully added to the symbol. Secondly, that the consecration is valid, as well in leaven as unleavened bread. Thirdly, that *purgatory* exists, where some souls are doomed to suffer for a time, and may be assisted by the prayers of the living. Fourthly, that the Roman pontiff is the true vicar of Christ, and successor of St. Peter, the head of the whole Church, &c.

After the departure of the Greeks there remained at Florence some cardinals, bishops, and learned priests, by whom the delegates of the Armenian patriarch were instructed, and received into the bosom of the Church. They received the orthodox truths in the form of a decree, which is known in the schools under the name of the *Decretum Eugenii ad Armenos*.

The Jacobites, A.D. 1441, were likewise admitted into the Church. The council being removed to Rome, in the Lateran, there arrived ambassadors from Abyssinia and Æthiopia, who were likewise united to the Church.

The eighteenth was the fifth of Lateran. It was convoked, anno 1512, by Julius I, and continued by Leo X. There were present eighteen cardinals, the two Eastern Patriarchs, and bishops to the number of eighty. The Council abro-

gated the famous Pragmatic Sanction. It also declared in the most express terms, the superiority and authority of a Pope over a Council, though this declaration was an informal expression of the faith of the Church on the matter, rather than a formal definition.

The nineteenth was the Council of Trent, convoked and opened by Paul III, A.D. 1545, continued under Julius III., in 1551, and happily concluded under Pius IV, in 1563. In this was confirmed the Faith of the Ancient Church, against the errors of Luther and Calvin; and discipline, which had languished amid wars and heresies, was restored. There were twenty-five sessions, at all of which the legates of the apostolic see presided; and a hundred and twenty-seven canons were issued.

Of this famous council a false and foolish history has been composed by *Fra Paulo*, which is solidly and learnedly confuted by Cardinal Palavicini, from the authentic acts preserved in the Vatican library.

The twentieth, convoked by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, is called the First Council of the Vatican. It assembled in a wing of St. Peter's, in Rome, on the 8th of December, 1869. The only work thus far accomplished by this council is the solemn definition of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility, which took place on the 24th of June, 1870. It also published the two dogmatic decrees, "*De Fide*" and "*De Ecclesia Christi.*" In August of the same year, owing to the invasion of Rome by the forces of Victor Emmanuel, the Council of the Vatican was prorogued.

It may not be uninteresting to state that this council was composed of 767 prelates, of whom 542 were from Europe, 114 from America, 83 from Asia, 14 from Africa, and 14 from Oceanica. Of these, upwards of 120 were English-speaking prelates, representing the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, British America, Oceanica, and the East Indies.

The *Annuario Pontificio* for 1870 gives the ages of nearly all the bishops. By reference to its pages it will be seen that the oldest bishop at this council was in his eighty-fifth year, whilst the youngest, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, was but thirty-five, the age required for consecration. The oldest prelate in the Catholic hierarchy is the Most Rev. Archbishop of Lima, S. A., who is nearly one hundred years old, and who, in consequence of his age and infirmities, was unable to be present at the council.

This brief synopsis of the œcumenical councils of the Church will suffice, at present, for the general reader.

These admirable words of Saint Gregory the Great form an eminently appropriate termination to this article (Lib. i, epist. ep. 24): "Quia corde creditur ad justitiam, ore autem confessio fit ad salutem, sicut sancti Evangelii quatuor libros sic quatuor Concilia suscipere et venerari me fateor: Nicænum scilicet . . . Constantinopolitanum Ephesinum, Chalcedonense . . . quia in his velut in quadrato lapide s. fidei structura consurgit . . quintum quoque Concilium pariter veneror . . cunctas vero quas praefata Concilia personas respunt, respuo;

quas venerantur, amplector: quia dum universali sunt consensu, constituta, se et non illa destruit, quisquis præsumit aut solvere quos ligant, aut religare quos solvunt. Quisquis ergo aliud sapit, anathema sit."*

* St. Gregory died in the year 604, when only five general councils had been celebrated. With reason, therefore, do we extend his declaration down to the last, viz.,—the Council of the Vatican.

PEOPLE'S BOYS.

This is a theme which is always old and yet always new. Few persons reach middle life without having something to add to the general stock of experience upon the subject. Few can have been so fortunate as to have had no opportunities of observing the ill effects in after-life of bad management in childhood, or as to have escaped the personal annoyance inflicted by foolish parents on all who come in contact with their offspring. But the domestic habits and ideas of one age differ so from those of another, and our old young friend, the spoiled boy, assumes so many new faces, that there is always danger of his not being recognized, and of his unpleasantness to all about him being set down to some other cause than the right one.

In some respects the children of the present day are better off than their fathers were. "Spoiling" no longer takes the shape of giving them too much to eat, or, in the country, of allowing them to run riot among servants and laborers. They are taught habits of greater cleanliness, and their health altogether is probably better looked after. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the spoiling hasn't merely been transferred from the house to the school. Boys no longer fight because they "funk" each other. All the old rough hardihood which marked the school life of a bygone generation seems to have disappeared. Many children now are more comfortable at school than at home; and though we do not see our way through the entanglement of ideas thus presented to us, neither can we repress a kind of puzzled feeling that this ought not to be. Children, as a great man said, ought to find "home the happiest place in the world." It is to be hoped that we shall not make our children in future such little philosophers as not to be over-happy anywhere. However, that is too wide a field of inquiry for the present article, which refers solely to the treatment of children in their own families by their parents, brothers, and sisters.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in for-

getting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to *respect* any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult play-fellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman, wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room, than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slighest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behavior of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now, any one would think this was going as far as children well could go towards making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice, of allowing children to invade your bed-room in a friend's house, is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast table, whether their early visit has been to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The

little scamps nine times out of ten are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either cannot or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence.

But closely allied with the mistaken license allowed to children in matters like the above is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus: they don't see the necessity of originals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing anything unlike other children, anything queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, *never laugh at or applaud it.* Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done. If the boy be a boy after all of weak character, his nonsense may be driven out of him at school; if not, it will only be driven deeper in. Adherence to his "own ways" becomes gradually in his eyes a mark of manly independence, till at last there may come to be no folly or excess which he will not justify to himself on the same grounds. That such men as children must make themselves perfectly odious to all, except their doting relatives, is a trifle. I have seen the finest intellects and the most generous characters wasted and ruined, in consequence of habits in great part attributable to the encouragement of boyish oddities.

What is called "precocity" in children is of course something quite different, nor is the improper encouragement of it attended by the same class of dangers as those we have described above. The danger in this case is, that boys who do not maintain the same relative superiority as they grow up which they maintained in childhood—no uncommon case—may become disgusted with themselves and sink into despondent idlers. There is indeed another bad consequence to be looked for in the opposite direction. A lad of twenty who does not go ahead of his companions as he did at twelve, may refuse to recognize the truth, hug himself in the belief in his own unimpaired excellence, and set down every failure to accident or want of industry. When this habit of mind becomes inveterate, the consequences are frequently disastrous. But they are too well known

to be dwelt upon. The former class of consequences have not been so generally observed. But we fancy the secret of many a wasted life is to be found in them. And when we consider, however dry the subject may be to childless persons, when we consider the wonderful powers of observation and assimilation which children possess, how extraordinarily apt they are to catch at anything in their own favor, how they magnify in their own little minds all they hear said about themselves either for good or for evil, it does seem wonderful that parents are not more careful than they generally seem to be with regard to such little matters, fraught as they are with immeasurable consequences, as we have here described. And before we quit this part of the subject, we would remark, in passing, on the singularly little trouble which parents seem to take to insure *obedience* from their children. We solitaries see a good deal of this; and suffer from it too. It is perfectly wonderful. "Don't do this, Charley," or, "I told you not to do that, Willy," are phrases with which every Cœlebs is perfectly familiar when he goes to stay with his married friend in the country. But what do the little people do? They are abashed just at first in presence of the stranger, but you see that it is *he*, not the *paterfamilias*, who keeps them quiet for the moment, and that influence being worn out in five minutes, in another five minutes they begin again, only to hear the old, empty "don't" repeated, to be disobeyed again for the hundredth time. Men treat their dogs more considerately than they do their children. They *make* their dogs obey, and the animal is happier for having learned his lesson. They don't make their children, and these are very likely miserable for not having learned *theirs*. These things are what we ourselves, we *cœlibes*, see and take note of, and are called brutes for doing so. But the fond parents don't.

But we are wandering. The last kind of "spoiling" that we need refer to is the common form of over-petting and cosseting. This is a lady's question, and Cœlebs hardly dare say much about it. Generally speaking, a husband of any sense is able to counteract *that*. Boys must be put upon donkeys and ponies, accustomed to climb trees, and to venture their carcases upon ice, while they are still light and young, and tumbles don't hurt them, or they never will do so afterwards; and what a pitiable spectacle is that of a grown-up man who can't ride a horse, get a bird's nest, or "go along somehow" on skates without showing the white feather. Ladies love courage. Let mothers reflect on what they themselves thought of a "chicken" before they married, and bring up their boys accordingly.

We now come to the other side of the question, and have a few words to say to those ineffably foolish parents who keep their children down. This, no doubt, is rather an old-fashioned error, but it is far from being extinct for all that. We have spoken of the mistake which people make by encouraging eccentricities in their children, but they surely make just as great a mistake by checking their natural aspirations. There are in the world peo-

ple with so little self-confidence, so little knowledge of real life outside their own small circle, that the bare idea of their children being able to distinguish themselves seems to them monstrous. *Experto crede.* These words are not written without warrant for them. Children must not have "too grand ideas." They must not think they are going to do this, that, or the other in the world. They must not attempt to cope with people who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is quite absurd to suppose that in their humble station there can be any of the stuff that makes men wealthy and eminent. It is heresy and wickedness to entertain such an idea. Now, strange as it may seem, there really are people in the world who bring their children up on these principles, who try to crush in its infancy every tendency their children may show to raise themselves in life, and after they grow up would rather see them starve than advance a sixpence to help them in quite legitimate aspirations. It is difficult to get to the bottom of the state of mind in which such parents pass their lives. It seems to be a social conservatism of the stupidest and narrowest kind, though such men are not generally political conservatives. The phenomenon is almost inexplicable, but it exists, if a phenomenon can be said to exist, and it is opposed to all the healthiest traditions of a free country. One thinks it a monstrous thing that his son should want to study law. Another thinks it a monstrous thing his son should want to go to college. On the doctrine of chances, probably both governors are Liberals. Don't they see that they are fighting against their own principles? No, they don't; they can't be made to see that. They want to "keep their children down," and what is the result? That, again, is an old story. The high-spirited or the scholarly boy goes to grief in law or business, who might have edited Æschylus, or led his regiment over a breach. A middle-class man should be proud of a son who shows fitness for distinguishing himself in professions which are supposed to be the monopoly of the aristocracy.

To come back to the point from which we started—the management, namely, of young children—there is one thing to be laid down: let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference, if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And indeed nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be upon your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he himself the next moment will offend against his own precautions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.

OUR HOLY FATHER.

The 16th of June, 1871, commemorating as it does, two great festivals in the Church, naturally carries the mind back over a period of twenty-five eventful years—years such as have never been equalled in the history of the Papacy. To-day our Holy Father, Pius IX (whom may God long preserve to us), "sees the years of Peter." To-day the nineteenth century is favored with a privilege which has not been granted to any era since the death of the first Pontiff, in the year of our Lord, 66.

There is a remarkable analogy between the day of the death of the first Pontiff, and that of the election of the 259th—both occurred in the same month (June), and almost on the very same day. The first and present Pontiffs have both suffered persecution, insult, and imprisonment, but it has been reserved for Pius IX, in the midst of his captivity, to be blessed with "the years of Peter."

The pontificate of Pius IX is, without doubt, one of the most glorious and eventful on record. Born of a noble family at Sinigaglia, on the 13th of May, 1790, the Holy Father has nearly reached the advanced age of fourscore years. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for those virtues, and for that energy and activity which afterwards won for him the proud position he now so worthily holds. Filled with a desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state, he was unremitting in his studies, and although suffering from the effects of epileptic fits, to which he was subject for some years, he sought and obtained permission from the Holy Father to receive the sacred orders of sub-deacon and deacon. This was in 1818. Not satisfied with this, and still yearning to offer up to God a pure and an immaculate offering, he again sought the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and solicited a further dispensation, so that he might be raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood. Pius VII granted him a special audience, received him with characteristic and paternal kindness, and granted the sought for dispensation, but in consideration of the malady with which he was afflicted, the condition was made that when celebrating Mass he should be accompanied by another clergyman. This condition the young Ferretti was desirous of having removed, and he again besought the Holy Father to allow him to offer up the Holy Sacrifice unattended. The Holy Father looking at him kindly, and taking his hand said to him: "Yes, we will grant you even this favor, as I believe that for the future you will no longer be affected by your disease." The words of the Holy Father proved true, and to the present day, a period of fifty-one years, he has never had a single return of epilepsy.

On the festival of Easter, 1819, the Abate Ferretti celebrated his first Mass in the Church of St. Anna dei Falignani, adjoining the orphanage in which he had hitherto devoted himself to the care and instruction of over one hundred

poor orphans. In June, 1823, the Abate Ferretti accompanied the Apostolic delegate who was sent to Chili, and whilst there and at Montevideo and Santiago, he lost no opportunities of performing the duties of his sacred calling. The poor were ever the special objects of his care and attention, and were the participators of all he became possessed of. It is related of him that when afterwards he was made Archbishop, he was obliged to dispose of some of his property in Rome, in order to meet the expenses necessarily incurred by his new position. Generosity and self-sacrifice have ever been the marked characteristics of this distinguished personage. Towards the end of the year 1825, Leo XII appointed him to the presidency of the vast ospizio or hospital of San Michele. Here his goodness of heart, his benevolence followed him, and are yet gratefully remembered by those who were then the recipients of his kind attentions. After nearly two years spent in this institution, Pope Leo appointed him to the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto. Archbishop Ferretti, on his arrival in his Episcopal city, immediately founded an orphanage for poor children, where they were instructed in mechanical arts. The spirit of charity which animated him in his early priesthood, did not forsake him with the acquisition of higher dignities, and the poor and the indigent ever found in him a good counsellor, and a kind friend. This orphanage yet remains as a lasting monument of his undying charity. While at Spoleto, the Archbishop experienced his portion of the difficulties and trials which are peculiar to the Episcopal office. His episcopal city shared the spirit of insurrection for which Italy is remarkable, and he was sorely tried by the circumstances attending these revolts. But God watched over His servant and placed words of wisdom in his lips, and he succeeded in doing much towards allaying the existing difficulties. To the insurrection followed the fearful earthquake of 1832, and here the good prelate again gave ample evidence of the charity and zeal which filled his heart. The most afflicted were those who received his first attentions. He shared their sufferings, and like the faithful shepherd, devoted himself entirely to the wants of his flock. At Naples, his devotion to the sick and dying during the prevalence of the cholera in that city, is still remembered with feelings of the most profound gratitude.

Administrative abilities, blended with prudence and charity, are qualities which are rarely found in any one man. Their possessor unconsciously draws upon himself the admiration of his superiors, who never fail to apply them to a higher and more extended field of usefulness. Such was the case with the Most Rev. Dr. Mastai Ferretti. From the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto, he was transferred to the See of Imola, as the successor of Cardinal Iustiniani. In the Consistory of December 23d, 1839, he was reserved *in petto*, and on the 14th of December of the following year, he was proclaimed Cardinal.

At Imola the pious Cardinal continued his works of charity as he had performed them in the early days of his priesthood. We have

said that he had the poor with him always. The orphan, the friendless, the abandoned, were ever sought out and provided for by him. Imola is indebted to his spirit of charity for a college for ecclesiastical students whose means did not allow them to complete their studies at the Episcopal Seminary; for a society for the guardianship and support of about "thirty children of the poorest class destined for the mechanical arts, who were provided with their daily food, and likewise received two good suits of clothes in the year, one for winter and the other for summer." To the Sisters of Charity the good prelate intrusted a conservario of female orphans, and in this establishment he founded two female schools, one for poor girls and the other for the more wealthy girls. To these we may add a public hospital, and an asylum for the insane. But the crowning charity of this noble Cardinal at Imola was the foundation of a refuge for the "lost daughters of the world soliciting admission to the fold of Jesus." The misfortunes of these forsaken outcasts touched his very heart, and at his request a number of religious of the noble order of the Good Shepherd came from the parent house at Angiers to take charge of this institution. The noble Cardinal welcomed these good Sisters with great joy; he invited them to his own palace, where they remained until their abode was ready for their reception.

Cardinal Ferretti was never idle. He prepared spiritual retreats in his diocese for keeping alive the vocations of his ecclesiastics. He visited them frequently, and the public institutions which flourished under his able management were ever the objects of his unremitting attention. The fame of the noble Cardinal spread far and wide; the poor loved him for his many virtues, for his benevolence, and for his fatherly care; the wealthy saw in him a fearless adviser, who was not slow to point out to them their duty; whilst the hierarchy felt a degree of pride in their learned brother.

The month of June, 1846, found Cardinal Ferretti surrounded by the priests of his diocese, and all employed in a spiritual retreat. In the midst of their devotions and meditations they are startled by the sad announcement of the death of the sovereign pontiff, Gregory XVI. Overwhelmed with sorrow the cardinal repairs to his cathedral and performs the solemn obsequies prescribed for such a mournful occasion. Immediately setting out for Rome he arrives in time to meet his brother cardinals in solemn conclave, on the 14th of June. On the following day the balloting commenced, and "Mastai Ferretti was selected to read the names. With the gentle dignity which characterized his manner, he proceeded to read the votes. Fifteen times he read the name of Cardinal Lambruschini. On the sixteenth ballot appeared the name of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. As he uttered it a white dove is said to have flown into the chapel through an open window, and after circling several times round the throne chair, perched upon the altar, glancing around with its bright eyes, and then quietly fixed them upon the

cardinal. In succession he opened thirteen ballots, all containing the name of Mastai Ferretti.

"The balloting continued for some time, and constantly Mastai Ferretti gained additional votes. With a faltering voice he read them, until the last ballot was to be opened, and then he exclaimed: 'My brethren, pity me, pity my weakness, I am unworthy.' He entreated that some other cardinal might be deputed to read it. But this request could not be granted, and he was compelled to continue. For the thirty-sixth time (the number required for election) he pronounced his own name.

"Then loud acclamations filled the chapel. Mastai Ferretti heeded them not. He sank upon his knees, and in fervent prayer seemed to invoke divine protection in this hour of his grandest responsibility. So saint-like was the expression of his noble face, so holy the light of his eyes, so meek and humble his attitude, that all bowed before him in reverence, convinced that in him they had chosen, as their supreme pontiff, a true and faithful successor of St. Peter."

On the 17th of June the artillery of Castle St. Angelo proclaimed to the world the election of Cardinal Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti as the two hundred and fifty-ninth successor of St. Peter. On the 21st of June, 1846, he was solemnly crowned in St. Peter's under the title of Pius IX.

He appears to have been singled out by Divine Providence as the man for the times. Whether in the performance of the duties of the simple *abate*, whether as the representative of Pius VII to the Chilian government, whether as an officer of administration under Leo XII, whether as Gregory XVI's Apostolic Nuncio to Naples, whether as the Archbishop of Spoleto, or as the Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, he always performed his duties with assiduity, and with a zeal and self-denial which could not fail to procure for him the affection of his people.

It is not our purpose to speak of the Holy Father as the Spiritual Head of a religion embracing within its folds 200,000,000 of Christians. Such a task belongs more properly to the ecclesiastic and not to the layman. We wish to speak of Pius IX as the prisoner of the Vatican—as he stands to-day, face to face before the whole world—before that world that would gladly see his destruction—before that world that clamors against him and vilifies him—that scoffs at him, and in the language of the Jews of old, cries out, "Away with him, give us Barabbas!" or, in other words, "Away with all restraints, give us license and latitude in the fullest sense of the word; man is endowed with sovereign reason, he requires no other guide." We wish to contemplate the Sovereign Pontiff in the discharge of the duties which he owes, not to the Church, but to the world, the abiding-place of that Church. We wish to contemplate him as the king selected by Almighty God to rebuke the erring nations, and to teach them that there is such a thing in the world as law and order, and that the violation of that law and order, be it by prince or peasant, by king or emperor, can never be suffered with impunity, nor allowed to go

uncensured by one who wears the triple crown, and whose duty it is to battle for the cause of all right and justice.

Liberalism has been the destruction of Europe. The cry of "Liberty" is the most popular that is known to man—men rush to arms when they hear it attacked, and die cheerfully in its defence. But the liberty which, as Americans and as Catholics, we have been taught and revere, is not the grizzly phantom which the infidelity of the present day has given birth to. Liberty, as we understand it, is not that which is embodied in the perverted theories of Voltaire, and carried out by such men as the Garibaldini, the Pyats, the Rocheforts, and the Bergerets. Their idea of liberty strikes at once against all religion, all laws of morality and justice, and places the puny idol of human reason in the place of GOD THE ALMIGHTY. To these men the sanctuary of God is no longer an object of veneration, the laws of God are forgotten, the marriage tie is despoiled of its sanctity and sacramental character, and made simply a civil contract to be annulled at the whim of every adulterous wretch, the temple of God is a place of revelry and shame, and the contents of the tabernacle an object of contempt and ridicule. It was at a time when true liberty was replaced by the ghastly goddess of License that Pius IX ascended the papal throne, and it has been his constant labor ever since to combat the errors and abuses which have followed this perversion. There is a vast difference between the liberty which gives every man the *right* to be a good citizen, a faithful Christian, an honest man, and that license, miscalled liberty, which countenances every excess, and which, though claiming to be guided by the light of modern progress, is groping about in the misty shadows of infidelity and all its fearful consequences. That difference was well understood by the newly-elected Pontiff. He was a liberal himself—one of the strongest kind, but one of the truest also—and consequently, on his accession to the throne, he immediately gave evidences of his liberal principles. How were his wise reforms received by his people? If he opened the prison doors, it was only to liberate the assassin whose steel was directed against the life of his liberator. If he gave the laity a representative in the civil government, it was only to see that representative murdered at the door of the senate chamber, and his murderer enthroned upon the arms of the populace and borne through the streets in triumph. Where he tried to build up they sought to destroy, and at last the Pontiff-King found himself an exile in a foreign land. After an absence of eighteen months, we again see Pius IX entering the capital in triumph. France, the eldest child of the Church, had given its aid to the Holy Father, as it will do again before long, for it is France and not the Emperor that bears the honored title of the "eldest son." One of her valiant defenders (Gen. Trochu) vowed that the sword unsheathed in defence of his country shall never return to its scabbard until the Pontiff-King is restored to his throne.

Pius IX now directed himself to

the discharge of the duties of his office. Among the principal ecclesiastical events of his pontificate may be mentioned the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in December, 1854; the publication of the famous Encyclical of 1864, and the convocation of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican on the 8th of December, 1869. In September, 1870, by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, Pius IX was left in an almost defenceless situation, his own handful of faithful zouaves being insufficient to afford him the protection he required. In the hour of his abandonment by the late Emperor of France, the wily and treacherous Victor Emmanuel invaded the papal territory ostensibly to afford protection to the Holy Father, but in reality to rob him and the Catholic world at the same time, of that which was rightfully their own. Thus Pius IX to-day finds himself a prisoner in his own palace. It is not necessary for us to repeat the history of this sacrilegious spoliation. It is too well known to our readers. We can only, as the faithful subjects of Pius IX, turn our hearts to God in prayer for a speedy termination of the Holy Father's troubles, consoling ourselves with the reflection that God has permitted him in the hour of his captivity to reach the years of the great Prince of the Apostles.

All that now remains for us to do, is to join in thanks to God for the hope which this auspicious day enkindles in our hearts,—that the words of the loyal French general may be verified; that France may redeem the recent vandalism of her recreant sons by another evidence of her fidelity to the Holy See (symptoms of which are already apparent), and that the Great Ruler of the universe may prolong the life of our beloved Pontiff, that he may crown his eventful Pontificate by being permitted to see the successful termination of the great Council of the Vatican. Let us hope that all will imitate the "beautiful example of the Holy Father, in his personal piety, in his watchfulness, in his disregard for all human respect, and in his courage in maintaining the rights of Christ and His Holy Church."

THE EVENING STAR.

Bright as young joy it seems to stir,
  And gain upon our mortal view,
As if it were a messenger
  Rejoicing while descending through
  The dewy depths of twilight's blue,
And travelling to this world below
With tidings glad for human woe.

USELESS WARNINGS.

Izaak Walton tells us in his discourse on perch, that "if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all catched one after another, they being like the wicked of the world not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight."

The inaptitude to take a hint on a matter literally of vital importance, which is here attributed to the perch genus, is not by any means confined to that rash and foolhardy tribe. Certain specimens of a race, the members of which ought to know better—the genus homo—are also liable to be taken in in the same manner, one after another, to an extent which is simply amazing. It appears positively to no purpose whatever, that the invariably unfavorable issue of certain proceedings is set plainly before a particular section of mankind. The trap, which they have been told, over and over again, will snap down upon them if they venture into it, is still not set in vain; the hook, which it has been carefully explained to them lies concealed inside the dangling bait, is ignored and set at nought till it is suddenly found to be firmly imbedded in their jaws.

Foremost amongst the examples of this curious incapability of taking warning I should place that extraordinary readiness, which a great many men evince, to fall into the clutches of those knights of industry who practice what may be called, for want of a better designation, the "ready-money swindle." This particular form of imposture, the shallowness of which is only exceeded by that of the mental capacity of its victims, is worked something in the following way:

A couple of gentlemen, endowed by nature with a greater capacity for spending money than for earning it honestly, appear in some public place—a river steamer, a railway car, or where not—and engage in a conversation which invariably takes sooner or later what may be called a financial turn. One of the confederates—he who is best provided with conversational powers—generally begins to tell his companion a long story varying with "the taste and fancy" of the narrator, but always coming to the same point in the end. The narrator has just inherited a very large property from an eccentric relative, or a commercial scheme in which he had long been engaged has suddenly developed into an enormous success, or he has just returned from the colonies, gold-diggings, diamond-fields, or other wealth-producing regions with a huge amount of ready money in his possession. This last is the one point in the narrative which never varies. The teller of the story is always the most fortunate of men, and the best provided with ready money. Another unvarying element in the transaction is, that some third person who happens to be by, and who is a total stranger to the other two, is always appealed to, or in some way or other brought into the conversation; and the most extraordinary part of it all is, that this

stranger always does fall into the conversation, and yields himself up as an implicit believer in the teller of the story, whether that gentleman describe himself as a diamond-finder, or a gold-digger, or a residuary legatee, or whatever else his imagination may suggest. The attention of the unfortunate gull once secured, all goes as merrily as marriage bells. Gull is invited by the rich gentleman to adjourn with himself and friend to some tavern, where they can partake of a friendly glass. There is something, the rich gentleman says, about Gull that he likes; he wishes for Gull's better acquaintance, and thinks that he can put him in the way of a pecuniary transaction which will turn out an exceedingly profitable one. Gull at once agrees to the proposal of the "friendly glass," and the three repair to a public house. Here the rich gentleman, to prove what a very rich gentleman he is, and that the story which he has told of his recent good fortune is all true, pulls out a quantity of gold pieces and bank-notes, which he duly displays before the dazzled eyes of Gull, and which he then hands over to his friend, begging him to take the same to that "party" he knows of who controls the funds of a certain investment, to have shares in which is to insure the acquirement of a large fortune. During his friend's absence the rich gentleman enlarges on the splendid nature of the investment, and frankly and cordially advises Gull, if he has any money about him, to do as he, the rich gentleman, has just done, adding, in answer to some inquiries concerning his friend's trustworthiness, which Gull—who goes in for being particularly shrewd and wide-awake—has thought it necessary to urge, that his friend is a man who may be trusted with untold gold, and that he has entire confidence in him, which he begs Gull to observe he has just proved by intrusting so large a sum of money to his friend's keeping.

The friend now comes back in high glee. He has seen the "party" and made the investment. It was lucky he went when he did, though, as the subscription-list was just closing, and after to-day it would not be possible to get "on" at any price; on hearing all which the rich gentleman expresses delight and gratitude, and once more urges Gull to invest, liberally proposing, if Gull will put down all he has about him, to lend him what may be necessary to make up a certain sum, less than which it would not be worth while to invest. To this proposal Gull, after a little hesitation, attributable to his profoundly cautious nature—on which the other congratulates him—consents, and hands over his money (supplemented by a small loan from the rich gentleman) to the obliging emissary, who acts in this case as a kind of benevolent go-between, and who goes off in a hurry with the money which he has just received, expressing great fear lest he may not be in time. After this worthy has taken his departure the crisis is not long delayed. The rich gentleman very soon begins to express anxiety at his friend's not reappearing, and volunteers to go off in search of him, bidding Gull remain where he is till he returns. Of course neither he nor his con-

federate ever do return, and the ingenious Mr. Gull sees neither his newly gained friends nor his newly lost money any more. This is an instance of only one of the forms in which this particular swindle is worked. It has many other developments. Sometimes the rich gentleman proposes a game of skittles for a large amount; sometimes he asserts that he can show a larger sum of money than anybody else, and dares our friend Gull to enter into competition with him. The result, however, is in every case the same.

Now does it not seem almost incredible that any human being, not absolutely an idiot, can be duped by such a shallow trick as any one of these, even on the very first occasion of its being tried? But when one comes to think that now, after the dodge has been worked over and over again, and over and over again exposed, people are still constantly taken in by it, one certainly does get at last to take a very hopeless view indeed of the intellectual condition of a large portion of the human race.

Another instance of this same inability, on the part of certain individuals, to profit by the experience of others, is furnished by the curious case with which a cheat of an altogether different order, whom we will call a shop-swindler, manages to cheat the proprietors of some of our large city and west-end businesses out of their property. A case illustrative of the proceedings of one of these "professors," and one which is sufficiently typical to merit quotation, occurred the other day. The professor—a lady in this case—walked into the place of business of an eminent jeweller and watchmaker in the city at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and asked to see several articles of jewelry. Her request was granted, and after a display of not more than the usual amount of indecision, a gold watch and chain, and a diamond locket—the whole worth about seven hundred and fifty dollars—were selected for purchase. So far all seems straightforward enough. It is after this point that the proceedings assume a circuitous character. The lady begins by requesting that a shopman may be sent with her to her residence to receive payment for the articles chosen, a proposal which the subordinates shrink from consenting to on their own responsibility, and which is referred to the decision of the proprietor of the business. Upon this individual our professor at once begins to practice all sorts of cajolery and mystification, showing him the card of a clergyman of his acquaintance to whom she professes to be related, and making out as well that she is well acquainted with a certain neighbor, with whom the head of the firm is on intimate terms. This gentleman—concerning whom it is narrated that "he was completely taken off his guard by the artless and simple manners" of his visitor—is at last induced to comply with her request, and in due time she drives off in a cab with the valuable property in her possession, but accompanied, as she herself had wished, by one of the shopmen. Not a very difficult undertaking this, hitherto, nor requiring any very special gifts for carrying it out. The crucial moment is, however, to come. Passing by one of

those large haberdashery and linen-drapery establishments, of which there are several in different parts of London, and which is provided with two entrances, one in a main thoroughfare, and the other in an adjacent side street, the lady with the "artless manner" stops her cab, and informing the young man who accompanies her from the jeweller's that she has a purchase to make inside, tells him that she will not keep him waiting in the cab many minutes, and then prefers the modest request that she may be allowed to take the case containing the valuables with her into the shop. On what pretext she bases this last demand does not appear in the published accounts of this most remarkable case; perhaps she represented that she was about to select a dress to be worn with the jewels, and wished to see them together; perhaps she professed herself to have become so much attached to her new purchase as not to be able to bear it out of her sight for a moment; but, whatever she alleged, the astounding fact remains on record that her demand was complied with, and that she was allowed to get out of the cab and enter the establishment with the two entrances, with the case containing the valuables in her hand.

The sequel need not be recorded. Of course, the artless one did not reappear. Of course, she made her escape—jewel-case in hand—by the side entrance; and, of course, the young man, after waiting for a certain length of time in sanguine expectation of the lady's return, became alarmed, and found out his mistake, and returned to his proprietor with the mournful intelligence that he had been most elaborately "done." "This is not the first occasion," the report of the case concludes, "on which Mr. —— has been similarly robbed."

Nor have other tradesmen in a large way of business, as a rule, fared better. There is hardly a large and prosperous establishment in any metropolis which has not more than one such instance of successful cajolery recorded on its annals. The way in which the cajolery is effected varies, no doubt. Sometimes the devoted goods are sent to a house where the gentleman who occupies the drawing-rooms, after demanding permission from the messenger, "to show them to the sick lady in the next room," passes gracefully through the folding doors into the back room, which has a door giving on the staircase, and is seen no more. Sometimes the goods are actually paid for, but with a check which, when the time comes for turning it into hard cash, proves to be wanting in some element essential to the right constitution of such a document. Sometimes the swindle is effected in one way, sometimes in another. In three respects only are its characteristics always identical. First—there is always some unusual request made. Second—the maker of such request is always especially conciliatory in his manner. Third—there is always some story narrated of that intricate and elaborate kind, to which we give the familiar title of "rigmarole."

Of course, the fear of offending important customers by injurious suspicions must make the responsibility of deciding whom to trust a sufficiently onerous one; still,

one cannot help thinking that the proprietors of these great business establishments might easily exercise a greater amount of caution than they do, and profit to a much greater extent by an attentive perusal of the police reports.

A MORAL MAN.

A STRICTLY moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I lent my friend a sum he could not pay,
I jogged his memory in a friendly way—
Then took the law of him th' affair to end—
The law to prison sent my worthy friend.
He died there—not a farthing for poor me!
I am not angry, though I've cause to be.
His debt that very moment I forgave,
And shed sad tears of sorrow o'er his grave.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I sent my slave to learn the art of dressing
Meat—he succeeded—a good cook's a blessing;
But he too oft would leave his occupation,
And gained a taste not suited to his station.
He liked to read, to reason, and discuss—
I, tired of scolding, without further fuss
Had the rogue flogged—all for the love of him:
He went and drowned himself—'twas a strange whim.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

My silly daughter fell in love one day,
And with her tutor wished to run away:
I threatened curses and pronounced my ban;
She yielded, and espoused a rich old man.
Their house was splendid, brimming o'er with wealth,
But suddenly poor Mary lost her health,
And in a year consumption wrought her doom:
She left us mourning o'er her early tomb.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PATRON SAINTS. By E. A. STARR. Baltimore. Murphy & Co., 1871. 12mo.

Studied in the spirit either of historical research or of philosophical investigation, the biography of the saints is extremely interesting. A record and a revelation, it details the life experience of the most remarkable men and women that have ever lived, whilst it unfolds the lofty principle which shaped their thoughts and found expression in their grand character. It introduces us to a class of men possible only in Christianity, that is, in the Catholic Church, which alone possesses the holiness of precept, and the ways and means of sanctity, without which precepts and aids, the saint-character, generally speaking, cannot be formed. All the saints are Catholic. Their life appeals with special Catholic force only to us.

Yet it is a saddening reflection that the lives of the saints, they whose life-revelation appeals so forcibly to the deeper elements of our spiritual being, are so hard to imitate. Despair mingles with the admiration with which we read their lives. They seem to us beings of a cast of temperament entirely different from our own. Their actions strike us as strange and fantastic, because we do not hold the key to their spirituality. A mist of visions and ecstasies surrounds them, and we can do naught but hide our faces at the foot of their Thabor. So it comes that saints are looked upon as models and ideals not to be realized. We get a misconception of the nature and workings of the Christian life. We look at the saints as the careless visitor to an art gallery views the glorious statues and the paintings, without thinking of the rough material out of which they were drawn, or of the patient steady work which brought out their beauty and splendor. Only by studying their lives do we learn that the saints were men and women like ourselves, who wrought their sanctity out of our human nature, with the graces which God is willing to bestow upon each of us, for the asking.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the reading of Miss Starr's beautiful treatise on Patron Saints. We have rarely met a nicer appreciation of the lofty spirit of the saints, or a finer expression of this appreciation, than that which we have found in this book. We hope that every Catholic will study the biography of his Patron Saint, as set forth in its pages.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. Fourth Series. Six vols., cloth extra. Containing Tales of Catholic Artists, Honor O'More's Three Homes, Sir Aelfric and Other Tales, Select Tales for the Young, Tales for the Many, Frederick Wilmot, &c. The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren St., New York.

Among the many cares that devolve on the parent there is none greater than that of training the youthful intellect. Whilst the surface is pliant, susceptible to the slightest impression, then is the time to mould the intellect into a healthy growth, then the time to lay the basis of an after vigorous thought and sentiment. How we can best attain these ends is a simple question and fortunately as simply answered. "As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined;" just so with the youth's mind—the principles it embraces in childhood will mature with the passing years and be productive of good or baneful results. After-precept and example at home, no influence, looking to the fashioning of the mind, is better exercised than that controlled by books. The two former may do much, but not all, and to supply the remainder is the mission of the publication. Of our publishing houses, The Catholic Publication Society stands amongst the foremost who are laboring to build up a juvenile literature, one in keeping with the youth's abilities and tastes—a literature peculiarly their own. A short time ago the Society commenced a series of volumes, the fourth of which is now before us. The merits of the preceding series have been highly lauded by the press, and we cannot but repeat the same for the fourth.

We have carefully read these six little volumes, and we cannot say here, for want of space, what we would in their praise, for we could write many pages in illustration of their worth. We cannot compare them with the general juvenile literature of the day, for we would be doing the Society's publications an injustice. Highly interesting, lifelike, and instructive, these latter do not exceed the bounds of reality. Exaggeration, a marked feature too often of volumes of this class, is wanting here; but, on the contrary, the young reader makes the acquaintance of those whom he can imitate as well as admire. Here he is taught to look higher than the mere page, to entertain loftier aspirations than those offered by an unreal heroism, or the startling adventure, for, with the beautifully pictured narrative is blended the sweet aroma of pure morality and good example. For true entertainment, unflagging interest, and a beautiful style, the fourth series is remarkably prominent. On these its merits we cheerfully commend it to the public, and hope it will receive the patronage it so deservedly demands.

MODERN HISTORY; FROM THE COMING OF CHRIST AND CHANGE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC INTO AN EMPIRE TO THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1867. With questions adapted to the use of schools. By PETER FREDET, D.D., Professor of History in Saint Mary's College, Baltimore, &c., &c. 25th edition, carefully revised, enlarged, and improved. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 1870.

History should truly be "the witness of ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of life, the interpreter of the past;" but how often are these, the necessary qualifications of the historian's work, wanting or grossly prostituted to base use and evil intentions by prejudice or calumny? On every hand we may take up histories purporting to narrate truthfully, to be actuated by no bias, to discard partisan views, but scarcely have we entered rightly into the perusal of a volume, when we are sadly disappointed in the expectations we are led to look for from the falsified preface. Especially is this the case when an event in the religious world is at issue. Regardless of the feelings or interests of the reader and irrespective of all argument and proof, the personal judgment and long-nourished prejudices of the author are brought to bear upon his conclusions. There it rests a standing memorial of the writer's bigotry, and an insult to those who profess the religion whose motives have been so unjustly maligned. Justice, without which no tribunal is anything but a mockery, is seldom a characteristic of these judgments. A mind fashioned in the school of a Hume or a Gibbon, whose writtings teem with partiality, intolerance, and even irreligion, cannot but imbibe the principles of its masters; but want of candor and partiality is diametrically opposed to the composition of a history which of necessity must be "the torch of truth, the faithful interpreter of the past." So much more acceptable then becomes a history that can advocate with sincerity these latter essential elements and challenge a review.

Fredet's Modern History, long used and thoroughly tested by many of our colleges and schools, comes to us quite enlarged and improved in many respects. Its general merits are too well known to be further commented on by us; and that the work is appreciated and has achieved a well-deserved popularity is apparent, since the work has already passed through twenty-five editions. The present and latest edition is conveniently divided into eight parts, and embraces a period dating from the coming of Christ to our own time. After the history proper follows a series of notes, valuable to the student, being brief yet successful answers to many of the disputed questions and misrepresentations of other times. A short defence of the temporal dominion of the Pope, a few pages on Religious Persecution, a word or two about the Inquisition, that so-called "offspring of papal ambition and ecclesiastical tyranny," and an account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, are the principal of these notes, and give an idea of their worth. These notes are supplemented by "tables of contem-

porary sovereigns," and a "chronological table of memorable events and remarkable personages;" the former embracing a period commencing with the reign of Cæsar Augustus, and reaching to the time of Napoleon III; the latter extending from the battle of Actium, B.C. 31, to A.D. 1867. Questions here again follow, most useful to the teacher, removing much labor that must otherwise be undergone, and so adapted as to correspond "exactly with the order and number of the paragraphs belonging to each successive page of the volume." Fredet's Modern History is a valuable auxiliary to our text-books, being truthful, impartial, and accurate throughout. Of these its particular merits, besides the neat and substantial form of the book in general, as issued by the publishers, we can speak with the greatest confidence, whilst the name of the writer must recommend it to all.

Ancient History; From the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire. By Peter Fredet, D.D. 22d edition, revised, enlarged, and improved. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 1870.

The author, aware of the peculiar interest that attends the study of the remote ages, has taken extra care and spared neither time nor trouble in writing his history, consulting the best authorities and sources of information. Following the method adopted by the ablest historians, he does not treat of a people or nation separately, but gives a grand, general view of the whole, as more conductive to convenience, and a better idea of the mutual relations that the nations of antiquity bore to each other. . . . "It must also be confessed," says Polybius, a Greek historian, "that particular relations are by no means capable of yielding any clear or extensive view into general history; and that the only method which can render this kind of study both entertaining and instructive, is that which draws together all the several events, and ranges them in their due place and order, distinguishing also their connection and their difference." Not too detailed, therefore, yet avoiding the opposite extreme, the author has kept in view the leisure of the student or reader, and made at once the study of his work and the retention of the knowledge acquired in the memory, comparatively easy. The present volume is divided into seven parts or epochs, six of which embrace an interval of about twenty-two centuries. The religion, laws and polity, arts, manners and customs of the nations of the past are noticed in their place in the body of the history, whilst a special treatise, making the seventh part, is devoted to the same subjects towards the close of the work. An appendix is added containing much valuable information, being illustrations or convincing proofs of the positions the author has assumed in treating of certain important questions. As in the Modern History, there is also a table of memorable events and a lengthy series of questions for the use of the teacher. In fine, the greatest regularity, care, and skill have been displayed in the preparation of this latest edition. Fredet's two histories — Ancient and Modern — together, "present a complete history of the civilized world throughout the whole duration of its existence from the creation down to our own time, a space of 5854 years. It is comprised in two large 12mo. volumes of nearly equal size, and containing jointly upwards of a thousand pages."

The Truce of God. By G. H. Miles. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., 1871.

Mr. Miles has been long known to the literary world by his sketches, poems, and stories. The reputation which he deservedly enjoys will be increased by his last book. The Truce of God is an historical novel, descriptive of an interesting era in the history of the Church, and of a peculiarly mediæval institution. We trust that this graceful, vigorous writer may continue to instruct and delight us, by such productions as the one before us. Messrs. Murphy have issued the book in beautiful style.